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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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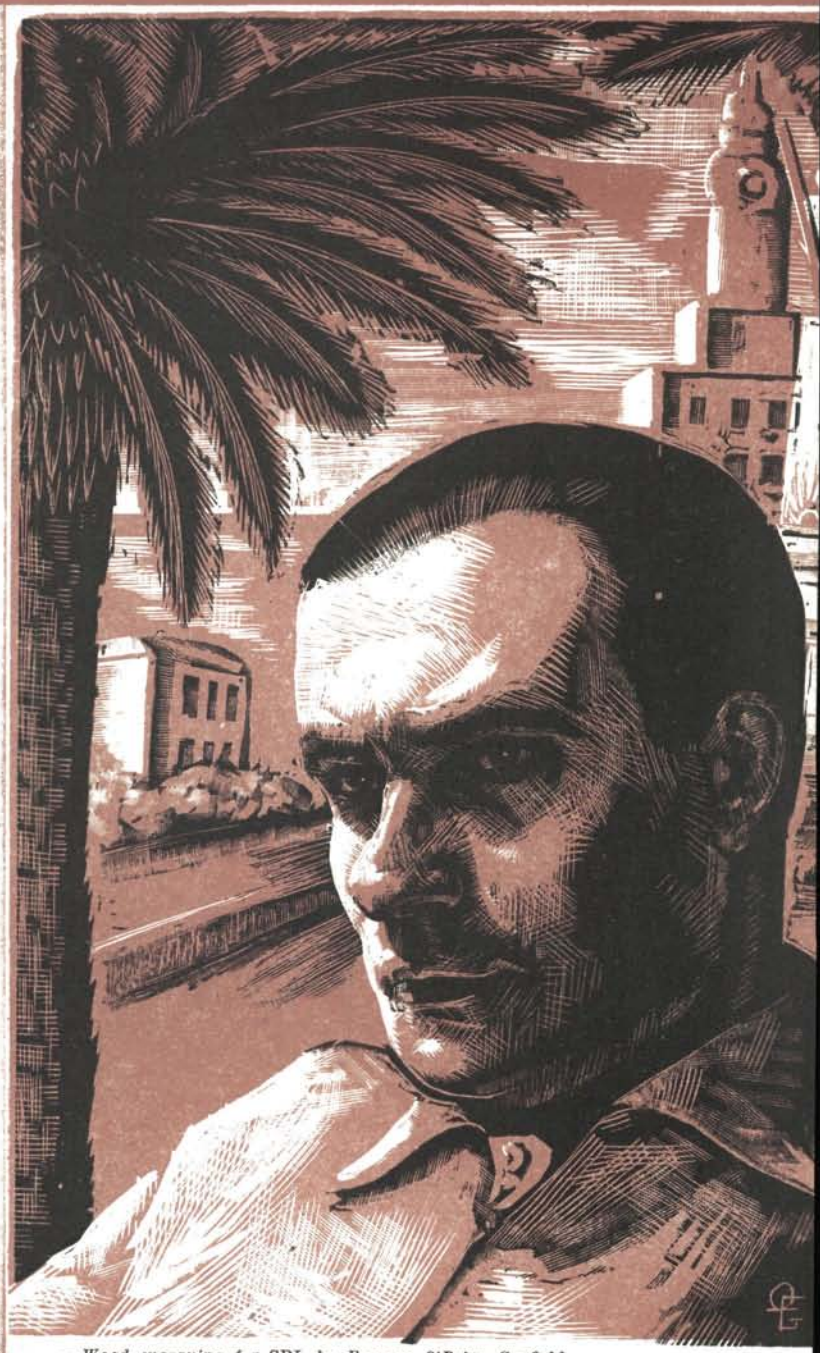

—Wood engraving for SRL *by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

EDUARDO MALLEA directs his energy and passion to the story of the young intellectual in Buenos Aires. (See page 9)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

March 11, 1944

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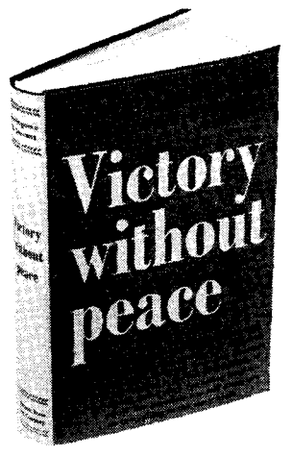

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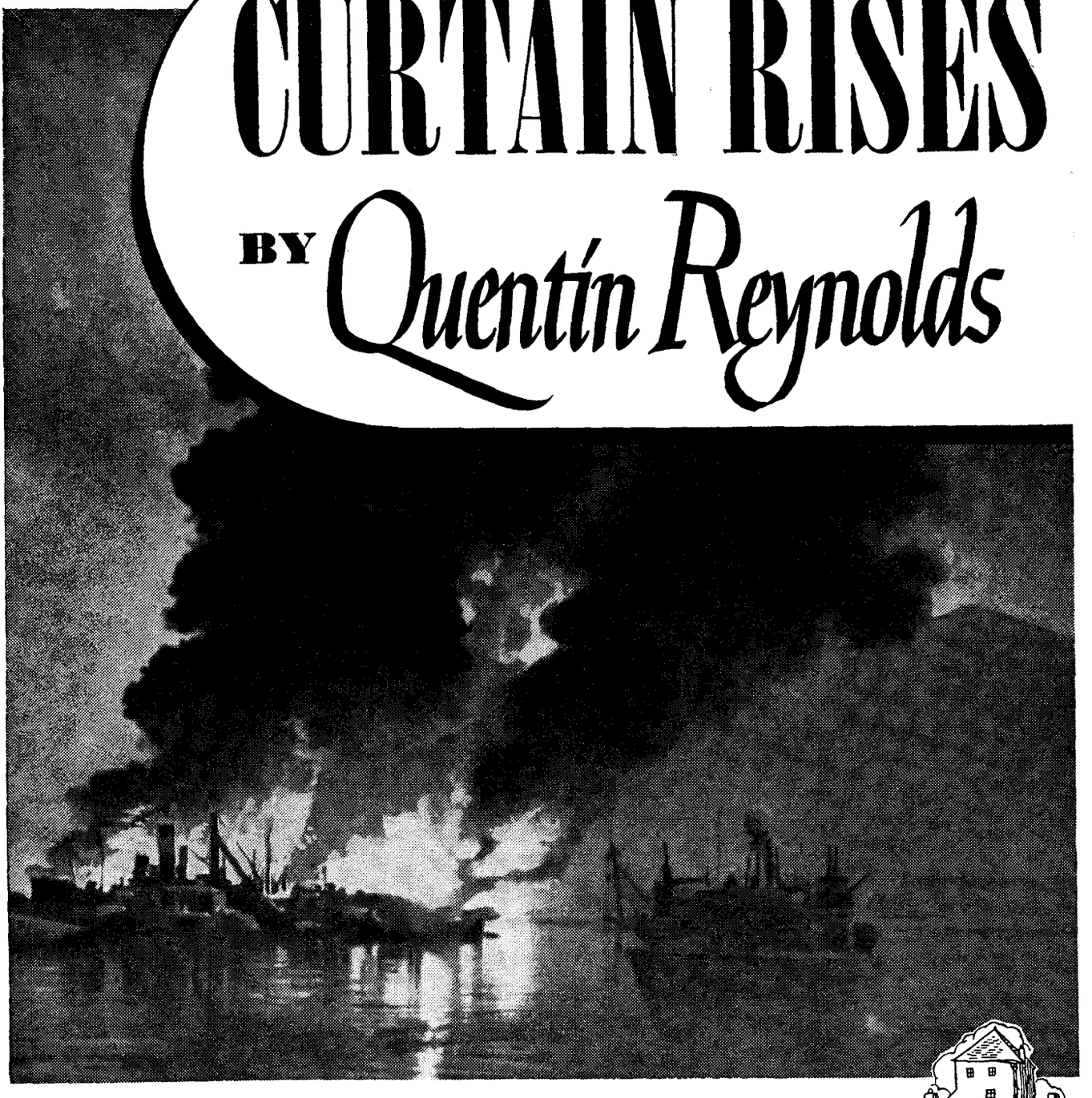
BY Quentin Reynolds



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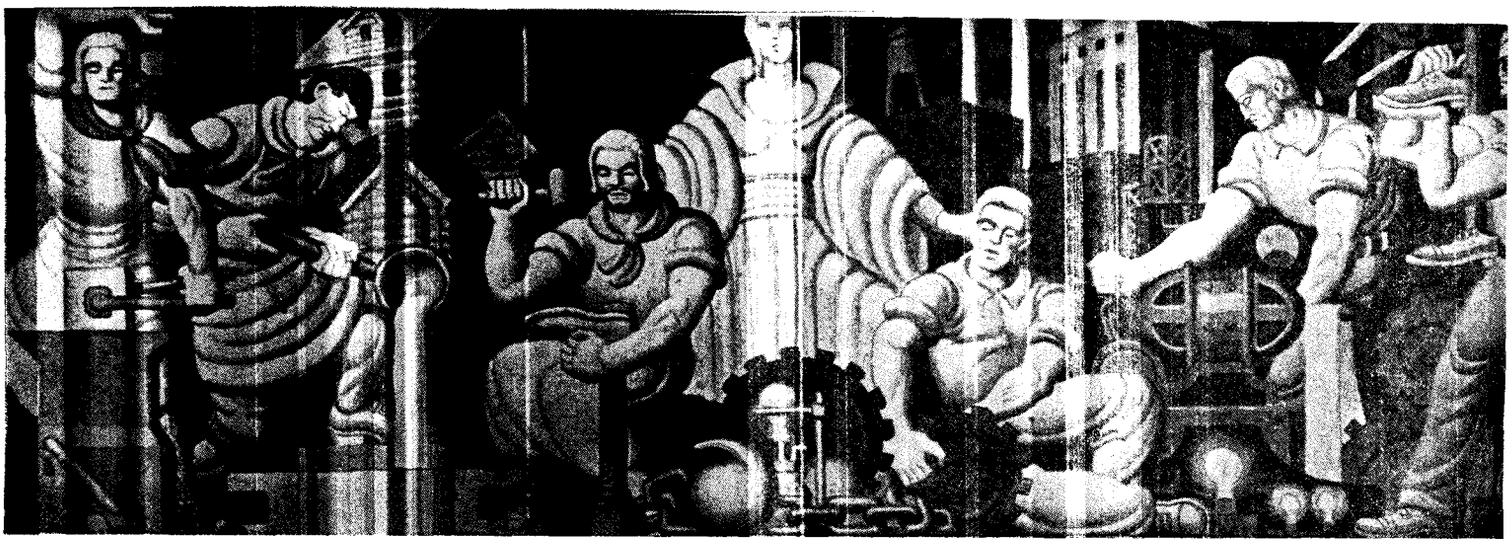

—From the mural by William Riseman

Arraignment

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BATTERED my window-pane the frantic wind of night . . .
They were in the lighted room, and bade me write—

We were hasty, you said, impatient, intolerant, would not brook
Restraint by the wise word, by the rule in the book.
We were scornful, would not hearken, chafing, of action fain,
Foot on threshold, unwilling to hear the elders explain;
Trusted too much the immediate, avid of change;
Refused to regard the event with perspective and range;
Impetuous, brash, impolitic, far too eager to wait
Who heard the challenging trumpets that snarled in the gate!

We stood, scuffing foot, with bowed head
While you said and you said and you said . . .
Such was the sermon you staidly delivered, the wisdom you pled . . .
Our eyes were drawn to the skies, in surprise, gazing over your head
To where on the mountains behind you—amazement!—a sunrise was red,
And then from that sky
A dazzle of lightning, a crashing of thunder on high,
Cracking creation! A wind, as it rose, as it came,
That toppled the altars, obliterated the flame
Of the lamps you had tended and trimmed with the sacring oil . . .
Thud of the hurricane trampled the fields of your toil.
With wild crying mouth, with blood on a glittering brand,
An armored giant went striding the length of the land . . .

Ah, you turned to us then—
And still we were Youth—but you suddenly cried, *"Be men!"*
And hoarsely exhorted, and hither and thither ran urging the fray
Who had cautioned with unction and sagely adjured ere the test of today;
And we saw how our elders, the priests of the temple, the venerable ones,
Looked this way and that for some wall and some rampart to stand like their sons—
The counselors of caution, expounders of reason, the sayers of sooth,
Of a sudden uncertain, and turning and trembling, and calling to Youth
For its fiery zeal, for its folly of faith, for its hope in a star,
To marshall, deploy, to move forth on the sky, and to carry the war.

We have gone . . .
We are scattered as far round the world as the gates of the night from the dawn.
We have met the maniacal shriek of the tempest; the iron we bore
On our breasts, in our brains, in our hearts, on our limbs, as it hath been before.
We stood fast in the gate where the smoke billowed dark and all heaven glowed red,
And strongly and dumbly and slowly went forward, and on, through our dead,
Our dead in their blood, who were young and were ardent, were fierce and not tame,
Despising the evil, but hailing the venture and following the flame,
Not ever to sweat in your cities, to drudge, and grow cringing and mean
As robots to power, as cogs to the wheels of your roaring machine,
Your great oiled and grinding machine of that marvelous system you prize
Minting men into power, fulfilling your avarice, darkening your skies,
Upheaving your juggernaut, huge and of gold, as it sways on its way
Over myriad bodies, as red as a battlefield, whiter than whey:
Your monster of Peace, with its priesthood all prostrate, till—summoned afar—

(over)

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Drums grow louder and louder and louder for fated and following War . . .

Afar on vague islands, afoot on hot desert, on mountains between—
Assaulted by ocean in terrible tumult—this thing we have seen.
As the wave like a cliff rose huge high over us, roaring to rend;
As the bomb-pattern blasted the sand to cover us, shouting the end;
As the red death screamed from the dark green jungle; as full on the night
Flared ghastly day, and the adamant granite dissolved on the height—
In that moment when mind was not—as it seemed—only horror and pain,
Out of a truth we believed that we dreamed came our memory again
Mixed of such little things—gay, and too kind, and too dear, and too far—
All framed in a question as wild as our death, and as dark as our star:

What did you do with the world that you bade us to bow to anew?
With the strength and the beauty of life, and its valor, what things did you do?
Did you lead out of bondage the captives, or fetter Mankind for the few?
Did you shine for example, till all men declared for the right and the true?
Did you plant on the mountains, for Youth to aspire to, a fire and a star?
Did you lift a great song for a chant on the march to the feet going far?
Did you kindle our pride in a wide smiling country where under the sun

—Drawing by T. Hios

There was scorn for the liar and scorn for the cruel, and justice was done?
Or did you set nets for our feet with all cautions expedience knows?
Were your high halls of justice suborned by the threatening of these and of those?
Did the councils of state know the braying and grunting of asses and swine?
Was the sacrament spilt in the chancel and brigands besmeared with the wine?
Were the corridors of learning reverberate with droning of fear and vain breath,
With slumber of mind and the mummery of custom grown gray unto death?
Most like simulacra were statesmen and orators, gabbling as told
By dark animators, who fed to their images silver and gold?
Were tenements of landlords like styes, and their sewers the seethers of spoil?
Was the wheat and the corn and the fruit and the coal and the metal and oil—
All the riches of Earth—seized upon by the strong, though through streets of the dead
In the cities of winter the children went hungry, the men without bread,
The poor had no fuel, no work for the worker, no hope, no release?
You men of possessions, you teachers, you preachers, was this then your Peace?
Was this your Peace, judges who judged the dark desperate rats that were men?
Was this your Peace, governors—your Peace, public servants —your Peace was it then?

We ask without mouths, for we speak without lips and demand without hands
From the stench of the jungle, the weltering of ships, and the blistering of sands,
From the cold and the fog; from the north and the south, from the east and the west;
With the steel in our vitals, the flame in our mouth, the dark rock on our breast—
Was this then the world that you modeled and made for us, this then your best?

By the horrors we have faced, by the carnage and pain, by our kingdom ill-come,
We cease to arraign and give over the question, are deaf and are dumb,
Though aware of a world that the world of your stratagems may not explain
While your lies you exalt, your injustice you foster, your force you maintain—
That it knows not, nor dreams—O glory fled!—
Yet at whose streams, whose crystal fountainhead,
Through the fierce breath of death, our thirst is fed—
Wherefrom we cry our terrible, vain cry
That now like light auroral runs around your sky
All iridescent in streamers of wild fire—
Our shuddering, urgent, ultimate desire:
"Build in the spirit again—create, create—
Lest, at the last, it prove too late, too late!"

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You, Too, Can Write a Book About South America!

Step Right Up, Folks, for a Literary Weekend

FREDERICK SPARKS STIMSON

ONE of the first in the long series of writers who have "done" Latin America in a weekend was an Englishwoman. She, like those who followed her, returned home with a touch of tropical fever and a manuscript ready for publication, a manuscript profound in its interpretation of the complex Latin American mind.

She was not one to lie down on the job and "covered" not only one country, but all of them in both Central and South America. Nor did she hesitate at the seemingly difficult task of deciding what material to select from it all. Setting the pace for those who were to come, she managed to include every subject from cuisine to politics, named in order of importance. If the names of a few spicy dishes or politicians were misspelled, it did not matter. Just another contribution to the development of friendly relations among the Americas. The politicians never forgave her, but they had not yet learned the high development of modern American journalism.

Those in the American colony never forgave her either. In an ice-cold station, they patiently waited until four in the morning for a train that was five hours late. The novelist had wired them to meet her. Then fatigue had overcome her. She must have decided to forget the whole thing and sleep through the appointment, for she was a bit testy when awakened. In punishment for her ingratitude, she was regaled with fantastic tales of the South American jungles. Her informers knew these myths would all appear as gospel truth in the British journal she represented. They did.

She was the prototype of the impatient author who builds his articles and stories out of material that the American colony or casual observation furnishes him. Knowing no Spanish, being in a terrific hurry, he cannot be bothered with obtaining information first hand; he never sees the Latin American in the raw. He is only too glad to take anyone's word for it. The resulting article is always so profound, we think.

A 1943 version of the English novelist arrived in South America after "doing" Brazil and Argentina in a week or so. At a banquet, she insisted on enlightening people who had spent most of their lives in South America. From her few days in Buenos Aires, she was well qualified to speak authoritatively on the "real" reason for the Argentinian revolt to people who had ten or more years' experience there. She was commissioned to carry out for her magazine a task that involved the interviewing of important Colombians. Her method of interviewing, she knowing no Spanish, her candidates knowing no English, is said to have been an incredible example of tactlessness.

A second Roving Editor, from *Reader's Digest,* arrived soon afterwards to write the biography of a famous Colombian in *four* days. We have found Roving Editors to be anything but developers of friendly relations, tactless and indiscreet, full of their own self-importance. We have the impression that the Roving Editors consider that getting their magazine to the printers on time is more important than the so-called Good Neighbor policy.

The time element annoys us. One of our favorites stories is the orange peel one. Probably stopping over an hour between planes, one of the best known writers on Latin America is said to have looked out the hotel window and noticed that shoes were being shined with orange peel. (We should like to split hairs and point out to Mr. Gunther that shoes are sometimes *cleaned,* but never shined with orange peel.) This genre incident of the utmost triviality took on mammoth importance in the chapter he wrote on Colombia. There was something really significant in that orange peel, he seemed to think, something truly indicative of the Latin mind. "Colombia is the country where . . . tattered but respectful ragamuffins shine your shoes with—orange peel!" writes Gunther in his "Inside Latin America."

A representative of a large newspaper syndicate breezed through a little while ago. Asked why he was touring South America, he replied that his syndicate had decided love stories would sell better if they had a tropical background, a few words of Spanish tossed in for good measure, a few orange peel local color effects. He did not want plots; probably had a machine that turned those out. Is it any wonder that when Latins meet people like this or read their stories, they are more than ever convinced that we have become so commercially and mechanically minded that even our literature is created with the pressing of a button and the pulling of a lever?

WHAT we enjoy most is the style of the published "study." There is a definite tone and vocabulary that starts every book on South America gaily rolling. First of all, it is explained that one really gets here or leaves in a hurry—in a flurry of cocktails and pâté de fois gras.

> A few months ago I dined on a breezy terrace off pâté de fois gras, sole meunière, and boned squab, accompanied by properly cold Traminer '37 and much stimulating conversation in four languages. Women in smart frocks, men in white dinner coats discussed international politics with a kind of acute detachment, recalled incidents in New York and St. Moritz and Cannes. It was all very normal—nothing more, in fact, than a very successful party—but what gave it a special flavor for me was the thought that three days before at the same hour I had been sitting in a bench outside a little 'dobe ranch house far up in the Sierra, making a supper of thick cocoa and cheese.

Kathleen Romoli's "Colombia, Gateway to South America" is one of the best studies of any South American country, but why must she indulge in this tripe? She continues:

> New Yorkers can leave their offices at the end of the day and be

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in Barranquilla the next afternoon; between sunup and dusk Colombians can have morning coffee at home and cocktails in Miami.

It all must be made so easy, so casual, yet so very sensational.

Then either the author or the editor makes it clear that of course the book was written by a person who really knew nothing of Latin America. Therein lies the book's charm! For instance, the publishers of "Penthouse in Bogota" explain on the jacket that Virginia Paxton, the author, "took with her a friendly spirit, a sense of humor, and an abysmal ignorance of everything South American." Rodo, the great Uraguayan author, knew nothing of the United States when he wrote his famous "Ariel," a book that contains one of the most bitter criticisms of North America ever published. This book has been one of the sources for the anti-United States sentiment among cultivated Latins, a book whose influence we have had to fight. Friendship will never be developed between the South and the North unless we, especially we who print what we think, know each other well.

We don't understand how Margaret Culkin Banning did it all either, considering how she struggled with the little word *hoy*. But apparently her Spanish improved later on, for her publishers explain that by spending her time "talking to everyone she met, from ambassadors to busboys, she soaked up impressions hourly, asked questions endlessly." Some ambassadors speak fair English, but I have met few Latin bellboys who do.

We have gotten used to the vocabulary, too. It includes the words mustering and collecting. The author is forever mustering up or collecting her few words of Spanish; then follows a lengthy explanation of every two-syllable Spanish expression. Mrs. Banning, for instance, in her treatise on South America, called "Salud, A South American Journal," writes, "there was a tap on my door and the boy called, 'Señora—cinco!' Which meant it was five o'clock."

THIS same novelist really becomes lyrical when she begins firmly to grasp the "feel" of the Spanish language. Her paragraph on the Spanish word for *today* is pastoral in its tenderness.

> This morning Mary and I . . . got a taxi, collected every word of Spanish we knew and went off to find the office of the magazine called *Hoy*. *Hoy* has a line on its cover which reads, "Una revista para la gente que piensa," and even I could figure out that it intends to be a magazine for people who think.

Good work, Mrs. Banning. "Hoy, by the way, means today, and is a curiously naked word when you drop off the 'H' as you must because it's silent." Pathetic though it be, that is the case.

Gross errors in spelling or misuse of names do not count, of course. Such errata are trivial, no matter how important the man whose name is being bandied about. One book on Chile dallies with this pastime, as well as dating the serious Chilean earthquake two years before it actually occurred. Authors seem never to have learned, either, that in a Spanish name, the father's name appears in the middle, the mother's at the end.

Why must editors illustrate Brazil by a picture of a girl looking at a

snake or entitle a book "Discovering South America?" We must forever explain that the North American does not think of the South American as a savage, that he realizes Brazil is something more than a snake curled around a tree, that Latin America was not in the dark ages until we "discovered" her. The Latin is proud. There is no subject on which he is more touchy than that of what he supposes is the North American's conception of him. He feels we consider him uncivilized, a boor.

We wish these commercial writers would learn the word *mañana* instead of *hoy*, postponing any further "discovery" of Latin America until then. They might at least wait until the war is over, for the harm they do the battle, serious and important to many, for the development of friendly relations between the North and the South is untold. We find the fruits of months of work rotted by the sudden appearance of a journalistic darling (or senator) from the States.

Recently a most clever, though harmful, hoax has been perpetuated by a Latin journalist. His article was first printed in the well known *El Sábado* of Bogotá, then reprinted with sarcastic editorial comments in other Colombian newspapers. This article supposedly "translates" into Spanish excerpts from the slanderous ridicule that is supposed to be appearing in a newspaper called *The World*, Pleasantville, U.S. The slander is said to be written by a Shirley Peckinson, a North American journalist who visited Colombia a little while ago. (We hope the Latin writer has some of Pleasantville's female "Roving Editors" in mind). These "translations" are clever for they show how keenly the "Roving" United States journalist is resented here; they beautifully capture the ridiculousness of what such journalists print on returning to the States. Each point is evidently leveled at something that has at one time been printed in English. The articles are harmful, for nine-tenths of the population think that Miss Peckinson actually exists, and that her reports to *The World* are further journalistic insults.

Colombian newspapers preface the article by saying Shirley Peckinson's marvelous aptitude for atrocious "errors" is only another example of the handiwork of the "intellectual tourists" who "visit us by plane, staying in a hotel in Bogotá, Medellín, or Cali, and on returning tell their readers all they have seen—of which they have seen nothing."

THE article, quoting from the fictitious Miss Peckinson, relates that in Bogotá, the proud capital of Colombia, "even very young women do not have good teeth. Almost all use false teeth, and it is not unusual to see in the dining room of the Hotel Pomada the exchange of these utensils between people of the same family. . . ." Colombians not only pass around their false teeth, but they ride bulls. The huge mountain in Bogotá is built of bricks laid by devotees of the church. Miss Peckinson's most slanderous remark concerns sidewalk etiquette. She states that men walk on one side, women on the other. "Out of timidity or respect," she refuses to discuss the sex of those who walk in the middle.

Miss Peckinson writes that the Bogotanian speaks in the language of Socrates; it is common to hear classic Greek spoken in the cafés. Probably the journalist has long grown sick and tired of the absurdly glamorous comparisons between old Athens and Bogotá that North American writers have so often indulged in. Perhaps he has read Lewis Freeman's eloquent chapter entitled "Athens of

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America," to be found in that book so diplomatically called "Discovering South America." A passage from another chapter flows along in this manner: ". . . but the hillside *parque* with its gloomy cypress groves, was filched right from the Vale of Tempe side of Olympus. Students, pacing, declaiming, debating, seem all a part of the picture. . . . Statuary is Greek in inspiration and setting. . . ."

Perhaps the journalist just wants to carry on the Gunther tradition of Bogotanian culture. In the map supplement of "Inside Latin America" we are informed that even the bootblacks of Colombia quote Proust. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Gunther did not at all times indulge in such complimentary remarks in his book that has annoyed so many Latins, and did his bit for the Good Neighbor policy with such remarks as, "Colombia is the country where small men in black clothes plod eternally through rainy streets. . . ." But Miss Peckinson got even with him when she wrote that Bogotanians "dress in black, but their race is white."

Whatever is printed in the States concerning Latin America is grabbed, translated into Spanish, and reprinted here on the front page. Senator Burton's speeches, for instance, have been front page news for weeks, much to the American colony's embarrassment. The Latin has long ago learned to suspect us, to distrust, and in some cases, dislike us. He has good foundations for these feelings. Many of us are fighting to erase this misunderstanding, but our battle is a losing one until Miss Peckinson, fictitious but typical, is refused a passport.

We, the American colony in South America, have wined and dined too many writers who muster up and collect their words of Spanish, have breakfast on Park Avenue, then the very same day, mind you, arrive here to write up in a weekend the definitive explanation of the Latin-American scene. Their superficial observance becomes printed fact. Of course we have a negative approach. We have lived here so long we know we cannot write a book. The longer we are here, the more complicated and varied appears the Latin-American.

Frederick S. Stimson is a member of the Coördination Committee for Colombia. He is Visiting Professor at the Universidad de Antioquia in Medellín.

The Universal Values of Eduardo Mallea

THE BAY OF SILENCE. By Eduardo Mallea. Translated from the Spanish by Stuart Edgar Grummon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 339 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IT is a commonplace observation that the most penetrating portraits are those of the artist. Certainly it is true that the complex forces and ideas struggling to form themselves into the modern Argentine character are revealed far more sharply in this novel of Señor Mallea than in most of the current journalistic and political attempts at delineation.

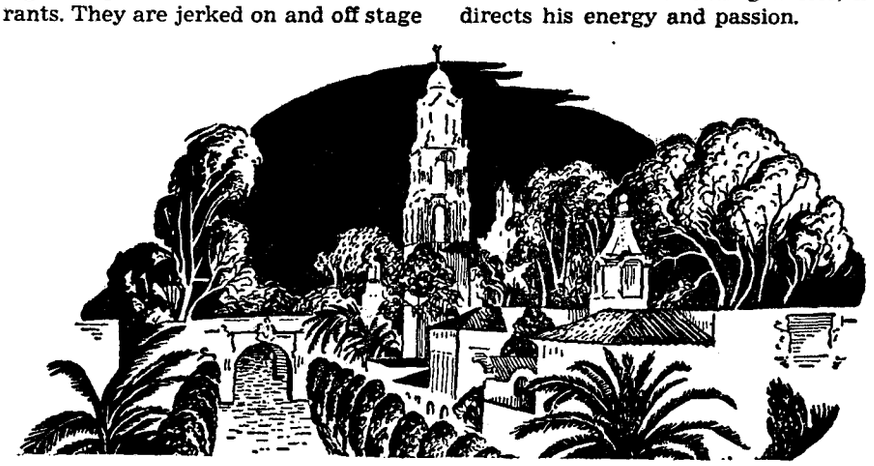
North-American readers will recall the author's "Fiesta in November" which appeared in the collection of Latin-American stories edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore. They will remember his bitter hatred of the persons in high places who would deny the heroic spirit of their country for the swag of wealth and power. That same intense distaste for the pompous betrayers of Juan Argentino permeates this story of the young intellectual in Buenos Aires.

Martin Tregua is the central figure of a story that finds its unity in the events and personalities that bring maturity and experience to this young student. Under their impact he grows in wisdom and understanding through the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the current World War. A lengthy interlude in Europe adds its special cubit to his stature but fails to change the basic integrity of his intense love for his native land and his determined faith that out of its "subterranean zones" will come its true expression of nobility.

To one whose tastes allow for the novel of ideas this book has savor and body. It is talkative and disjointed; its characters are wooden and spend an undue amount of time making set speeches in bars and restaurants. They are jerked on and off stage like puppets on strings. But what they have to say is pertinent to the intellectual biography of the man whose mental direction we follow. They are relevant, too, in their revelation of the winds of doctrine and opinion that blow with balm or blast not only across Argentina but wherever there are human beings assembled in what we call modern society. Buenos Aires gives its local color to the book; and, save for the European scenes, the Argentine capital is kept consciously in the background. Despite this, the values are universal. While it would be a mistake to dismiss the national implications of the story, it would be equally incorrect to ignore the more general connotations that are there. Parallels between New York and Buenos Aires will occur constantly to the reader. The restless Jiménez, the vital Anselmi, Martin's best friends, have their counterpart in other American cities. The unhappy Gloria Bambil, whose despairing end completes Martin's education, is only Argentine by accident. And the group of exiles in Brussels with whom he associates are the uprooted moderns whose distress is tragic but in whose refusal to compromise with evil lies our one hope—whether they be like Professor Autoriello, the old nineteenth-century liberal, or the impatient Scariol.

One character, however, has her own special meaning—the beautiful, sad, nameless creature, a kind of Argentine Countess Cathleen, to whom Martin addresses his story, and to whom he is unknown. "You represented the culmination of my deep aspirations for our countrymen; such dignity, integrity, faith in the nobler quality of an older Argentina, and scorn for the parvenue. . ."

It is she who gives perhaps the clearest indication of what Eduardo Mallea would ask of the country he loves and for which, as the novelist, critic, and editor who has been hailed as South America's leading writer, he directs his energy and passion.



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The Making of a New South

STRANGE FRUIT. By Lillian Smith. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1944. 371 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

LILLIAN SMITH is a Southern woman; and from "the deep South," too. The very heart of it; a small Georgia town. Moreover, her background is a typical "deep South" background of a certain kind; part hard-headed business, a feudal, one-man owner controlled business, not large but prosperous; part, evangelical Methodism. Her father was a planter, but he was also the biggest man in his town; owner of the water works, owner of the ice plant, owner of a turpentine still. That was one side of him. The other side was his religion. Like so many men in the South of his kind, he took his religion deeply and unquestioningly.

But there must have been a third side to him, too—there usually is to men of his kind in the South, and the repression of that side has been one of the South's tragedies—for his daughter, Lillian, went North to the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore to study music, and then went to China, Huchow, to teach music in a Methodist mission. Twenty years ago she came back, and ever since has lived in Clayton, Georgia, the town to which her father took his family when he retired from business. She is very active there—just as her father was. She runs a school which she owns, and which is patronized by prominent Southern families. She runs a magazine and review called *South Today*, which she and her friend, Paula Snelling, founded eight years ago under the not very prepossessing name of *Pseudopodia*. She is a leading spirit in all sorts of Georgia and Clayton organizations, educational and otherwise. With the exception of two, all her seven brothers and sisters live in the South, as she does, and are equally part of it and equally prominent.

You have, then, someone who speaks with authority, and in this case, someone who also speaks with passion and love, largely, at the moment, agonized love. Let no one say that "Strange Fruit" attacks the South. It doesn't. A number of people will say this, but if they do they will condemn themselves out of their own mouths and exhibit that attitude of complacent pride which is the antithesis of real love.

But with that, it is only fair to say, I think, that the South is an immense section of the country; one fourth of it at least. And those thirteen great Southern states are not only each one different from the others, but within themselves contain great divergencies, ranging from areas of high culture and progress and liberality, to perhaps, unfortunately, pools of the most backward populations we have. And it is also fair to say, I think, that Miss Smith's novel is laid in the South of 1920, immediately after the last war. However much there is still left to be done, and all progressive Southerners admit that there is a great deal, the South of 1944 is not the South of 1920. No part of the country has advanced more within the past twenty years. So let no over-enthusiastic or reforming Northerner regard this strong and powerful and moving novel as too exact a description of the modern South. Several of the Southern universities are among the most liberal and advanced in the country; many of the Southern cities are now centers of progressive and intelligent thought. And all this is spreading through the countryside. Moreover, there are thousands of Southerners just as active, just as troubled, and just as determined to better conditions as is Miss Smith.

Lillian Smith can speak with authority, passion, and sometimes with agonized love.

Rankin of Mississippi, "Cotton Ed" Smith are no more typical of the modern South—although, it must be admitted, they are typical of large sections of it—than Frank Graham of North Carolina or Virginius Dabney of Virginia and, what is more, slowly but surely men of the latter type are winning.

Twenty years ago men of this kind had a hard row to hoe, today they are generally beloved and respected. Twenty years ago had a well-brought-up and well-placed Georgia woman like Lillian Smith written "Strange Fruit," she would have had an unhappy time in her own community. As it is, I believe Georgia will be greatly interested in her novel, argumentative but receptive, and in the final analysis, proud that a new major novelist is a native Georgian. For "Strange Fruit" is a major novel whatever else you may think of it. Firmly and convincingly written, with great strength and feeling and power, it is often eloquent. The atmosphere is superb; characters—including the colored ones—are seen with uncanny insight. As a matter of fact, this is the first novel I have ever read which I have felt really gives you a genuine and penetrating insight into the colored mind.

Beyond that I will not and dare not go. The thesis of "Strange Fruit" is so large, so troubling, so peculiar to America, that to attempt to assess it, or say anything about it in less than a long and thoughtful book would be the height of temerity.

The South has two major problems: the race question, the evangelical churches. Temporarily a lost people, Southerners sought salvation in the cruelest and most material forms of religion. The first problem they inherited.The first problem is Miss Smith's major thesis; the second is her minor, but in its own way, and especially for its effect upon the first, almost equally important. The second, it seems to me, is gradually solving itself because of increasing liberalism and education and communication with the rest of the world. The first and major problem will be settled too —sometime—because it has to be settled. It is a matter of national life and death, and the South sits at the heart of it. Nor will a cancer cure itself. I, less than most, know what the cure is, but many better qualified people are at work.

Books like "Strange Fruit," if they will not settle this problem, at least speak with immense and thought-provoking courage, and keep the problem uppermost in people's minds, where it should be.

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The Inside Route to the Near East

D DAY. What Preceded It; What Followed. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 276 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

READERS geared to the Gunther-ized politics of the "Inside" series may find the opening chapters of "D Day" something of a letdown. They tell the story of the Allied invasion of Sicily. The later chapters that deal with the Near and Middle East are in the best Gunther tradition, packed with high-powered reporting and humanized analysis of the foreign political scene. The entire volume is written in diary form.

"This book is much more about the way a newspaperman sees the war than about the war itself." The way newspaperman Gunther saw the war makes important reading. True, he saw nothing of the American Army in the field. Even with the British Eighth Army he saw no major battle. But he was the only American correspondent attached to General Eisenhower's headquarters; he represented the entire American press in the first days of the Sicilian operations. His was the first press story about the beginning of actual operations to reach the War Department. When General Eisenhower and his naval aide landed in Sicily, Mr. Gunther was right there with them, the third American to set foot on that part of Axis Europe.

What Mr. Gunther saw he records honestly, vividly, and humanly. In late June, 1943 he flew to Algiers on the hunch that he would find action in that theatre. He carried credentials from the North American Newspaper Alliance and from the Blue Network. He was armed also with letters from Wendell Willkie, which was one way of carrying coals to Newcastle. For the cosmopolitan Mr. Gunther has friends high and low all over the globe.

In the tunnels of much blitzed Malta the American correspondent found filth, fleas, scarcity of water, and plenty of military secrecy. He found too magnificent military efficiency and perfect coöperation between British and American forces. He gets over to the reader a sense of the secrecy and suspense of pre-invasion days. We share the excitements of July 9 when Allied planes filled with parachutists and glider troops headed for the invasion coast. The amphibious landings took place at dawn the next day.

Out of his close association with General Eisenhower Mr. Gunther has drawn a memorable portrait of the Allied Commander-in-Chief. One scene stands out as unforgettable. On the night before D day the invasion chief went out to a point on the beach and stood in the moonlight watching his planes fly toward Sicily. He knew that his men were landing, but he had no definite news as to what had happened. It was a proud night for him.

There are other remarkable profiles in "D Day"—the Montgomery-Alexander team, the British Eighth Army, Field Marshal Lord Gort of Malta. The author calls Malta the Stalingrad of the Mediterranean and devotes a fascinating chapter to its history. The heroic Maltese are proud of having caused more casualties to German airmen than they suffered themselves. They grudgingly concede that, while the Nazis destroyed some 30,000 houses, they did their best to avoid non-military objectives. Kesselring wanted to destroy the island stronghold. Rommel was confident that he could reach Cairo without Malta-based support. Fortunately for the Maltese and the United Nations, Hitler saw to it that Rommel's view prevailed.

The diary has some interesting pages on the operation of AMG in liberated territory. The main job of the organization is to feed the hungry populace and start the life of the country in the direction of normalcy. It is a high aim that is made infinitely difficult by the tragi-comic complications of the local setup. Political considerations enter in too. But despite the confusion of the civil situation in Sicily and the success of the Allied military campaign, Mr. Gunther saw at once "that the Badoglio regime will sue for peace quite soon, but that the war against Germany in Italy will take a long, long time."

On his way to Turkey the correspondent stopped off at Cairo. "The atmosphere is lush and not what you would call martial." Forty new Egyptian millionaires were reported to have mushroomed up since last year. The rank and file remained insect-bitten, diseased, and poverty-stricken.

Mr. Gunther likes and admires the Turks and has something worthwhile to say about their "substantial service to the Allied cause." He discusses the political and economic favors including Lend-Lease that have been showered on Turkey, and Turkey's relations with and attitudes towards the various Axis and United Nations.

In Turkey, the author used his extraordinary contacts and his reportorial acumen to find out what was going on in the Axis satellite countries and in the occupied states, Albania, Jugoslavia, and Greece. Most of the satellite peoples do not consider the United States an actual enemy. "They think of their war against us as largely a 'paper war.'"

President Roosevelt and General Dwight D. Eisenhower review U. S. troops in Sicily. The President stopped in Sicily on his return from historic conference with Allied leaders in the Middle East. At left is Lieut. Gen. Patton.

Throughout the book Mr. Gunther stresses the part that aviation, both combat and transport, is playing in the war. He marvels at the hidden American airfields in Africa, at the technical wizardry and the sheer human effort that was mobilized for their installation. He praises morale on Ascension Island, "the loneliest and most inaccessible spot any American troops are at present called upon to serve in."

This colorful little diary is valuable as an ace reporter's account of the embattled Mediterranean in the summer of 1943. One of its most significant observations is an ancient one: "The worst thing about war is that so many men like it."

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AMERICA'S "LOST YEARS"

In a lecture some nine or ten years ago, Nicholas Murray Butler referred to the period from 1781 to 1789 as the lost years of American history. Lost in the sense that not one child out of 10,000, he said, had any idea of the real meaning of that period in the story of this nation. He pointed out that the general idea planted or promoted in our teaching was that there was a clear-cut and immediate cause-and-effect relationship between the American Revolution and the founding of the American Constitution. Both these events had been conveniently though fallaciously tied together so tightly that the average youngster had naturally come to think of them as part of the same bundle.

Glossed over, he pointed out, was the fact that the individual states came out of the American Revolution as rigid entities—independent nations whose ties—and not too strong ties at that—were as former allies rather than as partners in a continuing enterprise. The peoples were largely heterogeneous; there were varying and frequently conflicting systems of political, economic, monetary, and social organization. Sovereignty, separation, and sectarianism—these fixed the thinking of the day. A man who went from one state to another found that his currency would shrink ten per cent just in the act of crossing the state line. Assuming he wanted to travel from Massachusetts to Georgia, and that he started out with one hundred dollars, he would be down to fifty dollars by the time he reached Maryland, and would wind up in Georgia with ten dollars—fare and expenses not included. Listen to John Fiske in his "The Critical Period of American History":

> Acts were deliberately passed, obligating every Yankee sloop which came through Hell Gate, and every New Jersey market boat which was rowed across from Paulus Hook to Cortlandt Street, to pay entrance fees and obtain clearances at the Custom House, just as was done by ships from London or Hamburg; and not a carload of Connecticut firewood could be delivered at the back door of a country house in Beekman Street until it should have paid a heavy duty. . . .
>
> The New Jersey legislature made up its mind to retaliate. The City of New York had lately bought a small patch of ground on Sandy Hook and had built a lighthouse there. This lighthouse was the one weak spot in the heel of Achilles where a hostile arrow could strike, and New Jersey gave vent to her indignation by laying a tax of $1,800 on it.

These, then, were the thirteen states after the Revolution. At one time, as Frederick Scott Oliver observed in his study of Alexander Hamilton as a federationist, war between Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York "seemed all but inevitable." The American Revolution was rapidly evaporating as a common bond. "The barbarities of the Pennsylvanians under Patterson . . . outdid even the legend of British atrocities and left a wrangling memory in Connecticut." This was only typical.

> The citizens hardened their hearts, preferring, like Pharaoh, to endure the murrain, the locusts, and the darkness, rather than abandon their mean jealousies, their rivalries at once sordid and malicious; rather than part with a single shred of local sovereignty to clothe the shivering and naked form of federal government. . . . Finally, in their madness, they fell upon each other; each at the beginning looking merely for advantage to itself in injury to its neighbors, even as an end in itself.

When Dr. Butler criticized the schools for failing to give proper weight and clarity to the period of international anarchy in America following the Revolution, he was not attempting merely to plug a leak as a matter of sheer academic concern over completeness in the curriculum. His primary purpose was to call attention to a "critical period" not only in the history of America but in the history of the world. For the first time, a genuine union was made out of the stuff of disparity and in the face of seemingly irreconcilable jealousies. And the triumph belongs even more to the general political evolution of the world than it does to America alone. Here is the definitive answer to those who believe that the differences among peoples are automatically more important than their similarities. As an answer, too, it tells of a valid laboratory for the needs of the world today. That was the real meaning of the period.

On a somewhat smaller scale, there are yet other lessons offered up by the American laboratory. There is a strange and dangerous chemical reaction that sets in after wars, of which Greece after the Persian Wars, Europe after 843, American after 1781, and Europe again after 1918, are only a few examples, causing peoples to fall to fighting among themselves. Once the common peril was lifted, the cement that held people together turned to water. Obviously, an equivalent was needed—the equivalent of a common government. Does anyone today doubt that once the common enemy is beaten Europe will tend to fall apart? What is already happening in Greece and Yugoslavia and France, where civil war is either brewing or raging, is only a skimpy preview of what we can expect unless we are prepared to work for a solid overall framework which can keep Europe tied together in one piece as well as to set up a central authority to deal with the struggles for power within each country.

What we have to face is the reality that only this central authority can hope to cope with the psychology of violence that is the dominating characteristic of the age. This is hardly unique, nor should it surprise us; after five or more years of war, men are not likely to regard their objectives as attainable in any way other than by direct force. After the Treaty of Verdun in the ninth century, from which date stems the political divisions and the interminable misery of Europe, the people turned to violence in their dealings among themselves as though it were as natural as passing the time of day. By the eleventh century, things got so violent in even the most casual dealings, as E. A. Freeman tells us in his "Norman Conquest," that a huge movement sprang up to limit the blood-letting. Accordingly, a Truce with God was arranged by which all good men and true agreed not to murder each other during the period from Wednesday evening to the following Monday morning of each week, after which we suppose all bets were off, unless of course the anniversary of Christ's supper or some other high holiday fell on a Tuesday, in which case murder was regarded as distinctly in bad taste.

This sounds farcical; but we have not yet reached the pinnacle of a Sinai from which we can point at ages supposedly less remarkable than our own. The fact is that before we can laugh at the past, we shall at least have to make the apparently virgin admission that there is some connection between yesterday and today. But that in turn would doubtless cause us to stumble into learning something that might be helpful now. The world must be full of these terrifying possibilities.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

If Writers Were Really Honest . . .

SIR: To decide whether a piece of writing is good or bad is difficult enough without trying to decide whether it is original. If, as Synge says, "All art is collaboration," most of our writers could be called unconscious kleptomaniacs.

A writer, if forced to acknowledge his indebtedness to persons and things that have influenced his work, would find the list hopelessly long. It would read somewhat like this:

"I wish to thank my father and mother, my grandfathers and grandmothers, and all my other ancestors who have conspired to produce in me this unhappy faculty known as literary talent. In particular, I am indebted to my Scottish forebears, not only in a direct way for my parsimonious use of the epithet, but also indirectly for the game of golf, which has given me a physique robust enough to withstand my rigorous hours of craftsmanship. I should here commend also the efforts of the late Anthony Aguecheek, who was my English teacher in high school.

"I claim little credit for myself, not even for the dialogue of my stories, for that I plagiarized by prowling around the streets of American cities at night, with notebook in hand, stealing phrases from anyone who would give them.

"Nor are my plots original, for I early discovered that 'Mother Goose' is a veritable seed catalogue of germ plots, and some day I mean to do justice to Little Tommy Tittlemouse, Taffy-was-a-Welshman, Bye Baby Bunting, the Three Blind Mice, and Needles and Pins.

"However, it must be evident to even the casual reader that among these plots there is little suggestion of the theme of love. This element I introduced in my early stories from ideas borrowed from the pulp magazines, which I read surreptitiously long before I came to appreciate Plato.

"Among other influences too numerous to mention, I shall merely acknowledge in passing my indebtedness to the English language, the Declaration of Independence, the American press, the public library, the climate, environment, and God."

LAURA JEPSEN.
University of Iowa.

Mr. Glovers Discovers

SIR: Your readers might be interested in a hitherto unpublished (at least in America) quotation I happened to come across in an old clipping from *The Manchester Guardian* of January 19, 1909. It quotes a postscript from a letter to Lady Georgiana Hogarth by the late Right Honorable Samuel R. Pidgeon. This clipping definitely establishes the correct authorship of a quotation which has since been variously attributed to Aeschylus, Rabindranath Tagore, Francis Bacon, William Congreve, and G. K. Chesterton, among others. The saying, which many of your readers will recognize, is:

> The motivation of true greatness is often obscured by that which in itself motivates.

I trust that the various books of quotations will make a record of the correct authorship.

WYNDHAM R. GLOVERS.
Cape Cod, Mass.

"The mystery stories are in the basement."

Mr. Van Loon and Simón Bolivar

SIR: It is difficult to believe that Mr. Hendrik Van Loon is serious when he writes that he could find little material on Simón Bolívar. When I wrote my biography of the Liberator three years ago, my chief trouble was the embarrassment of riches. If ever a man lived his whole life in the spotlight it was Simón Bolívar. His friends and his enemies were constantly in print, and among them they left him no private life at all.

I think perhaps the key to Mr. Van Loon's difficulty lies in his insistence on "buying your own books." Of course Larrazábal, Niles, Hippesley, and Reverend, to name only a few, are long since out of print and unobtainable by private purchasers. But San Marcos University at Lima has a very complete collection, and the University of Cartagena treasures Bolívar's own journal and many letters. The Library of Congress and our own New York Public Library have more volumes on Bolívar than most biographers would hope to find.

Neither can I understand Mr. Van Loon's difficulties on the pictorial side. In 1930, before A. Hitler upset the record, there were in existence more portraits and statues of Bolívar than of any other secular person. By law, his portrait hangs in every public building of the five republics. The various uniforms that bother Mr. Van Loon, by the way, are the different ones of the Bolivarian republics, as well as special corps like the British Legion. Bolívar was entitled to wear about twenty-two different uniforms in 1825. As to landscape and historical spots, Hiram Bingham on his 1907 journey found them very little changed, and was able to give us vivid pictures by photograph and in words of the important battles and marches.

NINA BROWN BAKER.
Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. Rider's Limericks

SIR: "What Has Become of the Limerick?" [*SRL*, February 5] brings to mind the one attributed to the pen and originality of President Wilson.

While in the White House, the Wilson family found their entertainment the old-fashioned way—by games, written or oral. One of their favorite pastimes was writing limericks about themselves and each other. Here is one attributed to the President:

For beauty, I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far,
My face, I don't mind it,
You see I'm behind it,
It's the fellow in front that I jar.

A limerick we might add to those that are clerical in theme is:

There once was a pious young priest,
Who lived almost wholly on yeast,
Said he, 'Tis quite plain,
We must all rise again,
And I want to get started at least.

So much for the limericks, and a

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concluding line from a fervent reader of the *SRL*. Since working in a public library, the *SRL* is one magazine that I still have time to read from cover to cover, in spite of more work than time to spare. It is a great help to a small town librarian who has a small budget to work with, and has to be choosy about the books she orders.

MARGARET OLSON.
Wakefield, Mich.

SIR: Reading Cowl Rider's enjoyable article on limericks brought an incident of my girlhood vividly to mind. I was dining with a friend in Batavia, N. Y., the guest of honor being George W. Cable, who was to give a reading that evening in town. He was a most delightful person. The talk turning on humorous verse he gave us the following limerick composed, he said, by a girl cousin of his:

There was a young lady named Perkins
Who was deeply devoted to gherkins.
She ate such vast numbers
Of sour cucumbers
That she pickled her inside workin's.

Really, I suspect he wrote it himself! Anyway it has never been printed so far as I know.

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.
Los Angeles, Cal.

The "Inner Review"

SIR: I vote for more "inner reviews." Even the space "wasted" in italicized collation I found worthwhile.

MARTHA B. MERRELL.
Racine, Wisc.

De Las Americas

SIR: My congratulations to you upon your discovery and publication of "Rebellion in the Backlands." The "Inner Review" by Mr. Lynch creates an urge in me to read this neglected contribution to American culture.

Had you ever thought that, until now, we of the Americas have been the innocent sufferers because of the ancient rivalry between England and Spain? Our culture should be fed by two streams, but we Anglos have been deprived of our rightful heritage. Spain and Portugal, via Latin America, have been kept from us.

DUDLEY GORDON.
Los Angeles, Calif.

George or Epstean?

SIR: In Mr. H. J. Haskell's review of Nock's "Memoirs" in [*SRL*, October 9, 1943], there is one phrase on which I seek light: that Mr. Edward Epstean "proclaimed that 'Man tries to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion.'" This idea, in slightly differing words, is first found in Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," 1879, where its context deprives it of a seeming selfishness and thus sanctions it on the same simple basis as the words in the Declaration of Independence, "the pursuit of happiness."

As Mencken's . . . "Quotations" attributes the axiom only to George, of whom Nock is an admirer, it seems best to correct the impression that others may receive, as did I, and so assume that Mr. Haskell misread Mr. Nock rather than that Mr. Nock, who knows his Georgeism, should have so misaccredited one of the fundamental axioms in "Progress and Poverty."

EMILY E. T. SKEEL.
Tucson, Arizona.

Information, Please

SIR: I am interested in securing information based on personal observations dealing with the physical geography of the Pacific Ocean, and I should be glad to receive any material on the subject from your readers.

ELIOT G. MEARS.
Stanford Univ., Calif.

Calling Mr. Knowles

SIR: The battle over British imperialism is interesting, the more so as it was started by a Toronto gentleman who signed himself "G. O. Knowles, M.P."

The following points may be interesting:

1. There is no Toronto M.P. called Knowles.
2. The only M.P. called Knowles is a Winnipeg Socialist, who is presumably anti-imperialist. The Knowles's letter you printed was pro-imperialist. The initials of the Winnipeg Knowles are not G. O.
3. There is no prominent Torontonian with the name of G. O. Knowles. There is an editor (pro-imperialist) called C. O. Knowles. But he is not an M.P.

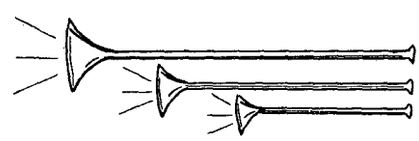
Maybe your editorial leg is being twisted. As Col. Blimp would say: "Gad Sir!"

RICHARD J. NEEDHAM,
The Calgary Herald.
Calgary, Alberta.

Suppressing the German Language

SIR: Sophie Kerr in the "Letters to the Editor," [*SRL*, Feb. 26] expresses the far-from-happy thought that the German language should be suppressed as part of our post-war program.

I have many quarrels with this letter, the first of which is that of practicality. Miss Kerr, in her own blithe way, says "let it [the German language] be no more written or spoken." History has proved the impossibility of such a measure in the attempts of the Germans, themselves, to suppress the Polish language, and in the attempts of the Austrians to suppress the Czech language. In a latter paragraph Miss Kerr states that the necessity to learn a new language "will take the average German's attention from being policed." Bosh, Miss Kerr!! While it may appear that such cultural inheritances are not valued, it only needs the test of deprivation to prove how deep go the roots. Remember that one of the first steps taken by the newly-created Czechoslovak government at the close of World War I was to re-establish the Czech language in the schools. If the language were such a light covering, to be tossed away, would the re-establishment of that language be the first step of a culture long awaiting its independence?



My next quarrel is aesthetic. Miss Kerr refers to the German language as being a "gutteral pompous" one. Miss Kerr, how much German have you read or spoken? That it is pitched more in the throat than other modern languages, true. But, "pompous?" Is there anywhere, in any language, a softer, less "pompous" line than "Ich weiss nicht was sollen es bedeuten," or

Wer reitet so spät
Durch Nacht und Wind?

And then, Miss Kerr goes on to say that French, being "a beautiful living language with a great literature," would be a good one to impose upon Germany. Are we to gather that German is not beautiful, and does not have a great literature? Really, Miss Kerr!

I'm afraid the rebuttal could go on *ad infinitum*, but I have just one more consideration for Miss Kerr to muse over: If America were conquered, and forced by the conquerors to speak some other language, say Spanish, would Miss Kerr be content? Would she not, at every opportunity, secret if need be, gather with her fellow countrymen to try to preserve her culture. Would she not teach her children English in the home? And would she not, at the first opportunity of rebellion, take measures to re-establish her native-tongue? The Germans are not such beasts, Miss Kerr, that the desire to cling to a cultural heritage is not in them.

ERNEST S. GOHN.
Pasadena, Calif.

Armed Services Editions

SIR: *SRL*, Feb. 12, inquires about the soldier's attitude toward the volumes published in the Armed Services Edition. From my observations, both in my own unit, and in the Army hospital in which I am at present a patient, I would say that they are read by a considerable proportion of those soldiers to whom they are available.

I give my unreserved praise to those persons who selected the books for these editions. Faced with a difficult task, they have given us a varied and interesting selection of reading matter, which, for its purpose, could hardly be better.

PVT. JACK PRICE.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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In the Summer of '43

HOMER'S HILL. By Marjorie Hayes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 224 pp. $2.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

THIS is a book which ordinarily could be dismissed briefly under "Fiction in Lighter Vein," for it is light in tone, extremely slight in plot, and without any real insight into character. It deserves more extended comment for other reasons. It is the story, told in diary form, of a Boston school librarian who takes a job for the summer as part housekeeper, part chaperone in the New Hampshire summer home of a Boston wool merchant named Prescott Peabody Lovell. Because he has "something or other to do with the OPA," he has to go to Washington rather frequently. Mr. Lovell, whom the librarian promptly labels the General, because he was in the last war, has a square chin, and is used to bossing people around, has a daughter named Susy and an English evacuee ward named Pat, who have to be put away safely for the vacation period. It is the summer of 1943.

The summer of 1943, in case you don't remember, was a summer of great hardship—gas rationing, no domestic help, no handy man (all the natives were inconveniently building ships in the Portsmouth Navy Yard), and little meat. We hard-pressed civilians with our accustomed American ingenuity, however, made the best of things—we pooled our cars, we ate chicken instead of beef, and we grew our own victory garden. We were very good-tempered about it, too, allowing ourselves only the mildest cracks against That Man and relieving our strain by laughing at all the Eleanor jokes. Well, in the summer of 1943 the humorous, intelligent, and mature Miss Hamlin courageously meets her problems, too. Her problems are mainly Susy, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the household, who likes boys, radio jazz, movie magazines, and fun. Oddly enough, she hates dishwiping, leaving most of it to the docile English child Pat, but you could hardly expect much of Susy because her mother had run off years ago with a golf pro and naturally all her bad traits came from the maternal strain.

In the absence of the usual boys ("friends of the family"), Susy takes up with the only males she can find around—a youth named Murphy (of course he is working his way through Harvard, but he comes from a very common family living in Chelsea and after all—), and some other males serving as golf caddies, from Manchester, New Hampshire. Miss Hamlin naturally owed it to the General to protect his daughter from that sort of thing.

Then there are spies. Seems some prisoners have escaped from Canada, so naturally Miss Hamlin begins to wonder whether every foreigner around the place isn't a Nazi in disguise. None of them turns out to be, but the General, catching sight of a Chinese cook one of the summer people had brought up, growls, "Why do people want to bring in these damned foreigners? New Hampshire hills used to be one place entirely free of them."

For other comment of social significance, I need note only such entries in Miss Hamlin's diary as follows:

> June 3. Apropos the coal strike—Labor is crowding in on him [FDR] like the camel in the fable. He let it stick its head inside the tent and now it's occupying the best place.

The coal strike gets many similar entries. Miss Hamlin is simply crazy about the Smith-Connally bill. On June 25, when Congress overrode the President's veto, she writes, "cheers and more cheers! Shows that Congress can really hustle when it's a mind to." (In this connection the author might like to look up the Congressional Record for September 28, just three months after that date, pages A4370-71, to see what some business people think of the Bill now.) On art vis à vis the government:

> June 26. The last day of the Four Freedoms Bond Show in Boston. I wanted terribly to see the originals of the Norman Rockwell pictures. . . . Sad commentary on government agencies is the fact that artist Rockwell took preliminary sketches of the *Four Freedoms*, plus the idea, to Washington and was turned down flat. Now the Treasury Department is using them for one of its biggest bond drives.

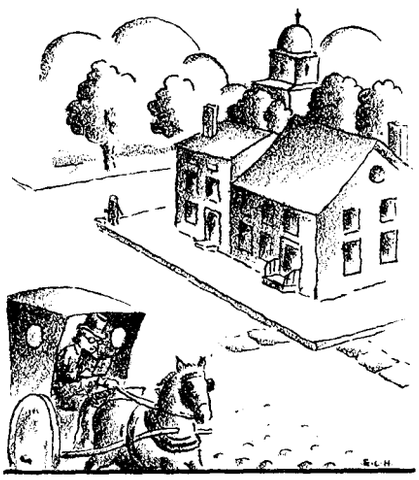
On June 27, after reading Esther Forbes's "Paul Revere," the librarian's comment is not on the quality of the book as biography or literature, but on Revere's qualities as a substantial business man, who, if living today, would probably have been an ARP and "probably on WPB also."

On July 2 she notices four natives working on the road and hears them discussing politics: "Democracy speaking . . . in the person of these overalled, blue-shirted New Hampshire farmers. Suppose they are from some of the town's oldest families, . . . as all citizens take turns working on the roads."

On July 5, after meeting the guest of a summer artist, an exotic creature wearing slacks, a deep sun-tan, and magenta nails, Miss Hamlin leaves the company early, noticing on her way out a grand car with a New York license. Wonders where the gas came from. The next day she finds out—the car belongs to the exotic lady in the slacks, a relative of the Rothschilds. "So that explains car, etcetera."

On June 12 she opines that if only Giraud and DeGaulle "would stop dragging things down to the level of a schoolboy squabble, France might rise again in all her glory."

Well, that's the stuff social thinking is made up of, I suppose, when it is interspersed in a work of light fiction. Why bother about it? Why sound like a reviewer in the *Daily Worker?* Simply because the spring of 1944 would seem to call for the kind of integrity in publishing that does not attempt to present as wise, witty, mature, and delightful the snobberies and political puerilities less dangerous times might laugh off. I do not think Miss Hayes is going to make or break the Four Freedoms. I think she yearns to be the Mrs. Miniver of Back Bay, but I wish somebody would tell the publishers that *The Transcript* has been dead several years. As for me, I'll put my money on Susy, who said her father was a stuffed shirt and who didn't mind boys named Murphy, and Susy's mother, who ran away with the golf pro.



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 519)

MR. DOOLEY:

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP (1910)

(FINLEY PETER DUNNE)

*Wouldn't it be a grand thing, if the Japanese licked us and we signed a treaty of peace with them and with tears of humiliation in our eyes handed them the Philippines! We think we're great and strong. . . . Maybe we only look fat to them.

*Brogue translated into everyday English.

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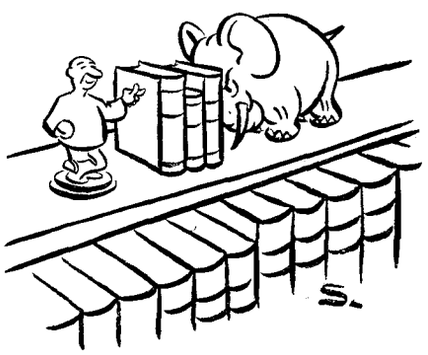
TRADE Winds

IT IS RUMORED that W. C. Fields, the great comedian, found cause to deplore the lack of an adequate bookstore near his California residence. He approached the leading intellectual of the community and gave him a high-powered sales talk on the advantages of opening such a store for the local trade. "$30,000 will do it, my boy," said Fields with great conviction. "Surely you can raise such an insignificant sum at the drop of a hat." The young man allowed that it was a fine idea and that he would like nothing better than to open a well-stocked bookstore. "I think I can get my hands on about $20,000," he told Fields. "As for that remaining $10,000, how about your putting it up for me? You're a rich man and, besides, the whole idea is yours." "Under ordinary circumstances," Fields assured him, "nothing would give me greater pleasure, my boy. At the moment, however, I find myself in rather a strange predicament. All of my available funds are completely tied up in ready cash." . . .

TRADE WINDS salutes W. W. Norton and Company on its twentieth anniversary. This firm has published a higher percentage of really distinguished books than any of its contemporaries and has consistently adhered to its slogan, "Books That Live." Highlights on its carefully restricted back list include "An American Doctor's Odyssey," "Mathematics for the Million," "Burma Surgeon," and Elizabeth Drew's superb "The Enjoyment of Literature" and "Discovering Poetry." Norton's forthcoming "The Loom of Language," by Frederick Bodmer, edited by Lancelot Hogben, is likely to be its most important publication of all. It is a history of human speech: its origins, its growth, and its present use—a guide to foreign tongues and a method for learning them. . . . Besides serving as acting head of his firm, Warder Norton has been performing a prodigious task as chairman of the Council on Books in Wartime. . . . Meanwhile, an old and honored name has disappeared from the publishing lists. Lippincott reports that the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of which it acquired the capital stock in 1941, has been liquidated, and that hereafter all books previously published by Stokes, and still worth reprinting, will be issued under the Lippincott imprint. . . . The most popular book of recent years that bore the colophon of Stokes was Percival Wrenn's "Beau Geste." . . .

BOOK REVIEWERS have been very skittish about mentioning the name of the actual model for John Hersey's "General Marvin" in "A Bell for Adano," although no reader can possibly doubt his identity. It's a fine book—one of the best I've read in many a moon. . . . Trade Winds also beats a drum for "Wingate's Raiders," a most unusual war book by Charles J. Rolo. Wingate is one of those Lawrence-like characters that the English army seems to uncover every time the need is most urgent. He led his personally-trained little "mob" out of Assam, through impenetrable jungles, to cut important Jap lines of communication in Burma, and to confound enemy forces a hundred times its size. When Mountbatten really gets around to retaking Burma, the jungle fighting tricks mastered by Wingate and his men may prove a decisive factor. . . . Leland Stowe thinks the job should have been tackled before now, that the old British reluctance to employ Indian and Chinese troops has caused the unpardonable delay. The monsoon season begins in a month or so, and no major campaign can be mounted in those parts again for many months. The retaking of Burma will reopen the vital supply route to Chungking. . . . Wingate himself has taken advantage of the respite to return to the Himalayan district in which he was born. His key men have gone with him, to indulge his theory that men can store up energy as a camel stores up fat by long days of complete relaxation, and trance-like immobility. . . . One other war book that struck me as the next best thing to being on the scene myself was "The Curtain Rises." Because I happen to publish Quent Reynolds, I see no reason for not saying that I get a particular kick out of his breezy and exhilarating reportage. . . .

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS reports a scientific experiment which



may be of marginal interest to students of English literature. Until recently it was an old English custom to preserve as keepsakes the currant buns baked for the Cakes and Ale celebrations held at times of national rejoicing. Two such buns, one baked in 1863 at the time of the wedding of the then Prince of Wales, and the other in 1887 to celebrate Queen Victoria's jubilee, were subjected last month to a chemical analysis. Alas! "They turned out to be low in thiamines but extremely high in riboflavin." I will not be able to measure the scope of this national disaster until I find out what thiamine and riboflavin are. "The Concise Oxford Dictionary" gave me no help whatever. . . . Will Ransom has uncovered an English catalogue that lists Chic Sales's "The Specialist" (do you recall that abomination?) under "Art and Architecture." . . . Ephraim Tutt, Arthur Train's contribution to legal fiction, is headed for Broadway. Mr. Train is doing the dramatization himself, and Raymond Massey will essay the role of Mr. Tutt. . . . Jan Valtin, author of "Out of the Night," is now a private in the Signal Corps. Charlie Pearce, of Duell, Sloane and Pearce, is also off to the wars. . . . "Red" Lewis is looking for a story about an author of a Great American Novel who longs to be a newspaper reporter, or the owner of a chicken farm in Maine who wants to be a vaudevillian. . . . John Kieran is now referred to as the man who reminds elephants. . . .

THE TECHNICAL TERM for the transposition of letters or sounds in a word, or series of words, is metathesis, but the more familiar designation is "Spoonerism." The Rev. W. A. Spooner, Warden of New College, Oxford, achieved this dubious claim to fame when he thundered, in the course of an oration, "Kinquering congs their titles take." Another time he caused a mild commotion in church by demanding "Is this pie occupewed?" There has been a recent epidemic of Spoonerisms at Radio Station WQXR, host to the "Books Are Bullets" program. Melville Elliot referred to "chakes and stops" instead of "steaks and chops"; Duncan Pirnie thought he was announcing "New Guinea jungles" but it came out over the air as "New Juinea Gungles"; Allen Ward topped them all with his incredible "Sloat Flulu" for "flute solo." . . . WQXR, whose programs are consistently high grade, has been purchased by *The New York Times*, but will continue under the expert guidance of John Hogan and Elliott Sanger. . . . Speaking of radio, a literary program called "Author Meets the Critics" is attracting a growing audience, and is worthy of

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"Honorable British Commander resembles character in Peter Arno cartoon."

your attention. It is heard every Wednesday at 8 P.M. over Station WHN. John McCaffery, formerly of Doubleday, now fiction editor of *The American Magazine,* has become a smooth, witty M.C. in the best Fadiman tradition. . . . Fadiman himself has taken on a new radio chore in addition to his "Information Please." The publishing industry hopes that he has not given up book reviewing for good. . . .

THIS IS A QUOTE from *The London Bookseller* on the subject of American blurbs:

> One of the things American publishers do better on the whole than ours is the writing of "blurbs." Every time we read the advertisement pages of the *Publishers' Weekly* or *The Saturday Review* we yearn to lay hands on some book or other described with such spontaneous and infectious enthusiasm that we cannot bear to be without it, only to find in not a few cases, that the book has already been published in this country and advertised by its English publishers as "A novel of great distinction (charm, vigor, beauty, delicacy), that will please (delight, more than satisfy) So-and-So's many (countless, innumerable thousands of) readers (admirers)."
>
> Better, of course, this sort of formula, which is completely unexceptionable though not greatly appetizing than the preposterous overwriting which so frequently made publishers' advertising ridiculous before the war, when advertising space and publishers' claims were both exaggerated. Even in these days of enforced brevity, however, book announcements might be rather less deadly boring than they usually are. A pleasing exception to the common form is to be found in Heinemann's anouncement of Margery Allingham's new detective story, "Coroner's Pidgin":
>
> "Mr. Albert Campion, who has been in this country on a mission for the Government so secret that, as he prefers to say, he never found out quite what it was, returned to London to find uncensored adventure awaiting him. Within an hour of his arrival, as he lay peacefully in the first hot bath of home, the body came slowly up the stairs. . . ."

TWO OLD FRIENDS who had not seen each other in twenty years rediscovered one another in the Marshall Field Book Department the other day. "Great to see you, Joe," boomed one of them. "I suppose you are a married man with children by this time." "No," said the other, "I am afraid I never took the plunge." "Joe, you must be crazy," said the first one. "I guess you just don't realize what it means to be married. Take me, for instance. I come home every night from a hard day at the office to a beautiful, warm, comfortable apartment. My wife is waiting to hand me my slippers and the evening paper. Then she runs out to the kitchen, cooks me a luscious dinner. She tops that with my favorite liqueur, plants me in my easy chair by the fire and hands me my pipe. Then she washes the dishes. Finally, she comes and snuggles down by my side and starts to talk. She talks, and talks, and talks, and talks. *I wish she'd drop dead.*"

BENNETT CERF.

MARCH CRIME CLUB SELECTION..

THE Saint ON GUARD

BY Leslie Charteris

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THE CRIME CLUB

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The Rump of the Bear

THE SOVIET FAR EAST AND CENTRAL ASIA. By William Mandel. I.P.R. Inquiry Series. New York: The Dial Press. 1944. 151 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EMIL LENGYEL

THE Soviet Far East is a huge land bordering on Japanese-held territory and the Pacific. William Mandel compares it to Canada and Alaska from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, insofar as its size is concerned. The Yakut Republic itself —part of this territory—is as large as all of European Russia.

Most important region of the Soviet Far East is the Maritime Territory with the city of Vladivostok on its southern tip. On the map this region looks like a finger thrust into the intestines of the Japanese empire. It was bases there that attracted the envious attention of the world-traveling United States Senators, some of whom told the country that the Soviets should place those bases at our disposal.

This is a rich country and would be much richer if more man-power could be had. Oil is one of its most important raw materials in this mechanized world and large quantities of it are found in the northern part of Sakhalin Island. The author points out that the Soviet Far East produces more than its quota of coal, pig iron, and cement. It exports large quantities of lumber, fish, and fur to the Western Soviet Union. "The known natural riches of the Far East sound like a list of chemical elements." In agricultural products it became self-sufficient a couple of years ago, and is now expected to provide an exportable surplus.

This vast territory is sparsely settled, most of its white inhabitants living along the Trans-Siberian Railroad and great river banks. The January average temperature of the city of Khabarovsk is six below zero Fahrenheit, while that of Verkhoyansk, in Yakutia, it is—58 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Soviet Far East is the land of one railway, the author shows. That railway is the Trans-Siberian. The much talked about and little-known Baikal-Amur Railway has not yet been completed, in the author's view. Rivers afford water transportation when open to navigation, which may not be more than an average of six months a year.

Obviously, Mr. Mandel made an effort to assemble most of the material available about the natural resources, economic and cultural development, population and land settlement, transportation and administrative divisions of the Soviet Far East. The available material is not rich, which may be judged by the fact that all of it is presented on not more than 85 pages, several of which are reprints of Soviet daily press articles, containing so few points of interest that they could have easily been presented in condensed form. Just the same, the material provided by Mr. Mandel will prove useful to Far East specialists.

Readers may be interested in Mr. Mandel's treatment of the importance of this region for the outcome of the war with Japan. The Soviets are at peace with the Mikado's empire, since, as the author points out, first they had to stave off Hitler's aggression. The Far East was turned into an arsenal for the forces fighting in the West.

In his interpretation of the Soviet policy in the Far East Mr. Mandel does not seem to be consistent. He writes in his Preface that the Far East's economic expansion was "determined by Soviet estimates of potentialities inherent in the position of the USSR as members of opposition coalitions." On the other hand, he writes in a later chapter: "Any attempt to read into the regionalization of the economy of the Far East now proceeding, any special design arising out of the proximity of Japanese forces would not be borne out by the facts." Not only is this statement not consistent with the previous one, but it is hard to accept it in view of the constant state of preparedness characterizing life in Far East border districts.

Some thirty pages of this small book are devoted to a discussion of the vast Soviet Central Asiatic republics. The author himself warns the reader that these chapters contain no rounded treatment. The title page of his book reads: "The Soviet Far East and Central Asia," while the other titles, on the jacket and elsewhere, simply call it: "The Soviet Far East." Had more material been available about the more eastern region, it would have been preferable for the author not to roam so far afield.

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Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SECOND LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Listed below are the second lines of twenty famous poems by as many well-known poets. Can you identify each poem and its author? Allowing 7 points for each correct answer, a score of 63 is par, 70 is very good, 84 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 23.

1. And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
2. And he stoppeth one of three.
3. And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold.
4. Bird thou never wert.
5. By the Nine Gods he swore.
6. Dig the grave and let me lie.
7. I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three.
8. I never hope to see one.
9. Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
10. Old Kaspar's work was done.
11. Old Time is still a-flying.
12. One end is moo, the other milk.
13. Tell her that she wastes her time and me.
14. The kid that handles the music box was hitting a jag-time tune.
15. The leaves they were crisped and sere.

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—Cuthbert Wright, Commonweal

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—Howard Mumford Jones, Saturday Review

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—George F. Whicher, Herald Tribune

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Mixed Blood and Mixed Motives

BONIN. By Robert Standish. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 286 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT ELLIS

THE Bonin Islands are a small group in the Pacific, some 800 miles from Guam, 1100 from Shanghai, and 1800 from the Philippines. By whom they were first inhabited no one knows; but when, in 1830, they were "settled" by emigrants from Honolulu, the islands were colonized by England and the United States. Or rather, a few English, a few Americans hoped these lovely islands would be protected by one power or the other: actually no power except, if we believe Mr. Standish, the proud, isolated empire of Japan, cared anything about the islands or the settlers. The chief settler in 1830 and for years afterwards was an American, Nathaniel Savory of Bradford, Massachusetts. His great-granddaughter was Mr. Standish's secretary during his residence in Japan.

This is the origin of this frankly romantic, at times rather flamboyant, story; a story, and I'm glad of it, written with a moral, which is that, if Britain and America don't stop their petty jealousies and quarrels, other powers will gain at their expense.

It is difficult to review "Bonin" as fiction. Mr. Standish owes something to those masters of the fact-fiction novel, Nordhoff and Hall; but in this tale of mixed blood and mixed motives, this passionate plea for the value of mixed blood and of clear motives he allows himself an extravagance, a richness which Nordhoff and Hall do not often display. I like it. It is in keeping with the period of the early part of his story that rough seamen should cease their foulness when Felicita walks the deck. It is in the period that he gives little space to the boredom, the lethargy of the life in such islands as the Bonins when they were cut off from the outside world.

He can change his pace and his method. When he comes to the plotting of the Japanese, to their occupation of the islands, to the gradual enslavement of a happy, carefree people he writes with realistic vigor and ironic indignation. It is a flaw in the book that Mr. Standish does not tell us which of his characters are historical and which are invented. It would be of great interest to know whether the bitter, wretched Aloysius Parmelee, who betrays the islands to Japan out of his hatred for his English father, has any parallel in the history of these tragic islands which for forty years now have been used "as a stud-farm" to supply the high-class brothels of the Japanese Empire, until more than one mother of a people who produce some of the most beautiful women in the world "has disfigured a girl child as the only means of saving it from a life of shame and degradation."

Whether it is read as fiction or history "Bonin" is an exciting, moving, and very opportune book, and most readers will share Mr. Standish's hopes that, at the war's end, the islands with their inhabitants of British, Portugese, American, Indian, and other descents, will at last have the protection of one of the great powers whose people first settled in the land.

Introduction by CLIFTON FADIMAN

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CONTENTS: *Mary and the Fairy; Cromer; We Hold These Truths; Descent of the Gods;* Excerpts from *"This Is War"; The Long Name None Could Spell; Good Heavens; Psalm for a Dark Year; A Man with a Platform; Samson; Anatomy of Sound; Murder in Studio One; Between Americans; A Moment of the Nation's Time; Double Concerto; Program to Be Opened in a Hundred Years.*

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FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 38

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 38 *will be found in the next issue.*

JOIN AN UJB JUKE S. VJIBOUSBR HRJHKR COB S FRIE DJQQJUNRUNADSK HRJHKR, GABY FANAJU YALY COB BYRAI VRRB JU BYR RSIBY, GABY CRKARV AU BYRQNRKFRN SUP VSABY AU LJP. —G. L. YSIPAUL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 37

NO HAMMERS FELL, NO PONDEROUS AXES RUNG;
LIKE SOME TALL PALM THE MYSTIC FABRIC SPRUNG.
MAJESTIC SILENCE!
—*PALESTINE.*
—REGINALD HEBER.

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Scarlet Deeds

THE HUNTED. By Albert Guerard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE heroine of this story is a waitress who marries an English professor in a New England college and becomes fugitive from the accusative case. The professor is no prize; he is an Englishman—Cambridge—who indulges the vicious British habits of crying for tea and insisting that eggs are inedible if removed from their shells. Worse still, he indulges in shallow introspections and quotes Shelley.

Having wed the wench and placed her in a quite intolerable society of faculty wives, Professor Richmond convinces himself that his wife has had a lurid past and is probably indulging in a lurid present. The waitress inadvertently makes the acquaintance of a campus outlaw who has imposed himself on a fraternity as a visiting brother and kept his welcome alive after the swindle is apparent by endless accounts of his scarlet deeds.

"The Bomber" eventually loots the fraternity house but is trapped in the hills before he can make his escape. Then the college turns out for a manhunt. There are two improbabilities here; most fraternities would never have let the word of their failure to observe the fine old Hellenic precept, "Timeo Danaos—," out of the House; second, the violence of the manhunt is completely disproportionate to the seriousness of the Bomber's crime. However, the hunters are urged on by Professor Richmond who has made himself believe that the fugitive is an old lover of his wife's.

The Bomber is finally captured, more or less intact, but not till the waitress, sympathizing with a fellow outlaw, has hopelessly compromised herself in assisting him.

Private Guerard, in spite of being an instructor in English at Harvard in civilian life, can write a powerful scene and it is no small tour de force to produce these things and convincing characters on a background of inherent improbabilities.

One of the most troublesome of these improbabilities is the college itself. There may be colleges where the professors customarily keep a bottle on the mantel and a blonde on the hearth for the entertainment of their students, but in this reviewer's student and teaching years such diversions were parsimoniously denied us. "The Hunted" is magnificently written but it is a little too Beautiful and Bedamned.

THIS SCOUTING MISSION—THAT BOMBING RUN—
TONIGHT'S GIRL—TOMORROW'S DRINKING

YOU can't mistake them—battlemarked, gaunt, tired, proud of their worn and faded khakis. They're Navy flyers, four of them, back from Pacific combat, back in San Francisco on medical survey. This is the story of their shore leave: ten crowded rushing days in a suite at the St. Mark, their party room high over the roof tops. These men are all home again, and yet they're not home. Some of them have wives back East—but here, in this room in San Francisco, are women soft and eager to the touch—cigarette girls, hat check girls and Junior Leaguers, with not much in common except good looks and war fever. None of the men are alike except that they're flyers, and life for them as flyers was this scouting mission, that bombing run, tonight's girl and tomorrow's drinking. Written by a man who has fought in this war, SHORE LEAVE is straight, fast, and without cheap sentiment. $2.50

SHORE LEAVE

A novel by FREDERIC WAKEMAN

An artist reports the battle

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By Lt. Comdr. GRIFFITH BAILY COALE, USNR

author-artist of NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL

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FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

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Clare Leighton's Plain People

GIVE US THIS DAY. By Clare Leighton. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 86 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THERE is a pleasant story told in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, about those remarkable farmers, the Amish. The members of that religious sect do not use modern machinery, or electric light, or automobiles, or telephones; and their farms are second to none in the country. An inspector from Washington, full of admiration for the industry of one community, asked the elder, "Now why won't you use tractors? The department would be glad to provide one." "I'll tell you why we don't want tractors for our farms. They don't breed and they don't give dung."

That fable might have been invented as a motto for this stirring, lively, at times over-earnest little book of Clare Leighton's. Hers is a call to us city-tied, gadget-ridden, can-conscious people to go back, in imagination, fancy, and gratitude at least, to the hard, beautiful reality of soil and toil, of earth and its inescapable needs, its unpredictable beneficences.

There's no false pastoral sentimentality about "Give Us This Day," no Beverly Nichols gush about "beautiful young men who do things with their bodies": Miss Leighton knows well enough how grim and grudging can be the lives of those who work close to the earth. She knows, too, that this life can give a wisdom which is no less profound because often it is inexpressive. Yet it can express itself, and not only through the poets, through Virgil or Thomas Hardy. Take this story of a Middle West farmer:

> He turns then, to show us the picture of a favorite work horse. "She's twenty-two years old, she is. And she's just like my hired men, who've been with me about as long as she has. She's just like them because she's well kept and because she has confidence and good feed."

Beside the plain, sound sense of the text we have here ten beautiful chalk drawings by the author, as lovely as any of her wood-engravings. My only complaint against the volume is that it is put up in a paper wrapper, the beauty of which is scarcely a compensation for its extreme fragility.

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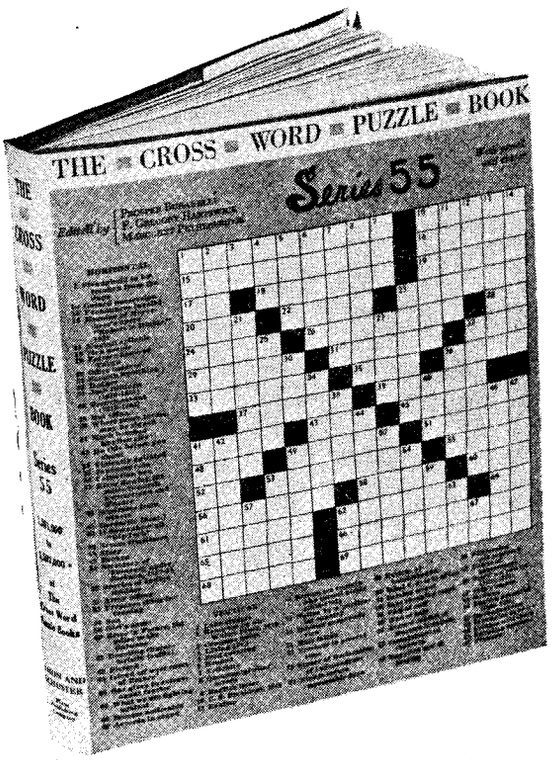

Goodness, gracious, sakes alive
Here's Cross-Word Puzzle Book #55

PRICE, $1.50 · SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK

The Madden Type

SEED OF THE PURITAN. By Elizabeth Dewing Kaup. New York: The Dial Press. 1944. 400 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

FOR those who found power and originality in Mrs. Kaup's earlier book, "Not for the Meek," this present novel will probably prove disappointing. Designed as a study of the rise of a dominant political personality, out of provincial, even Puritan, beginnings, it lacks from the very beginning the compelling qualities it needs—either a vigorous central figure or a penetrating analysis of background, of the world in which this figure flourishes. Josiah Madden is certainly not endowed with any commanding qualities, and as we read along the puzzle of his mounting to power is forever unanswered. He seems to blunder into it by grace of doggedness and Mrs. Kaup. This may very well be a transcript of actuality, but it is neither vital nor enlightening. He is dull, this Madden, and success does not make him important to us. The details of his life, his business relationships, his marriage, his entanglements, are very prosaically related, and there are great numbers of pages given over to interminable dialogue that conveys little. Perhaps Mrs. Kaup does not admire the Madden type and had to get it done this way, but he hardly seems to justify his title. The Puritans were too rich in character to produce this dried seed.

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Jasmin and Tony

DIRIGO POINT. By Elizabeth Foster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRIET C. BEACHBOARD

WHEN Jasmin Hawthorne met Tony Carteret and fell in love with him there were only two things that troubled her—that she was a year or so older than he and that she was so abruptly going to have to leave him to spend the summer with her mother in Maine. Not that she didn't love Maine, but it meant leaving Tony when she'd only just met him; in the circumstances the prospect of chaperoning her mother—divorced from Jasmin's father some twenty years ago—and the faithful Sandy was scarcely appealing. At Lake Winnebago, where the cold clean freshness of the northern spring casts its usual spell upon her, her young love finds rapture in the discovery that Tony's family owns the cottage next to the Hawthornes'. The rapture is short lived, for there is a mysterious and exaggerated opposition to Jasmin's marriage. Jasmin has never known the true reason for her parents' divorce; her discovery of it all but wrecks her relationship with Tony.

Miss Foster weaves an intricate web with skill and tenderness—gossamer and engaging; in the course of its unravelling two love stories reach their fulfilment and Jasmin is given a rather terrifying insight into the lives of her mother and father and the blind misconceptions whereby people rush to destroy their own happiness. A living part of the story is the air of Maine which it breathes; one can smell and feel and taste it.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Masefield: "Sea Fever."
2. Coleridge: "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."
3. Byron: "The Destruction of Sennacherib."
4. Shelley: "To A Skylark."
5. Macaulay: "Horatius."
6. Stevenson: "Requiem."
7. Browning: "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."
8. Burgess: "The Purple Cow."
9. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas."
10. Southey: "The Battle of Blenheim."
11. Herrick: "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time."
12. Nash: "The Cow."
13. Waller: "Go, Lovely Rose."
14. Service: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."
15. Poe: "Ulalume."

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, in a Front-Page Review, features

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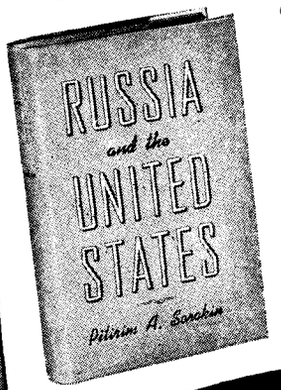

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Spring Festival in Books for the Children

—Drawing by Frank Tobias, from "Once the Hodja."

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

UP in the Maine woods the snowdrifts are still level with the second story windows. Down in North Carolina a yellow crocus lies like a golden coin on a thin film of snow. A red-bird flashes by the window of the Shoreham in Washington and disappears in Rock Creek Park. Here on Manhattan the new crop of Spring books is beginning to come in. And a very gay crop it is!

The pages of some of them look thin and small, but the cover jackets are like a flower garden in June. Susan who lives in Australia stands on the jacket of her book wearing a white shirt with blue spots and a pair of very red overalls. Eliza Orne White's Esther has a jacket that is only two shades lighter than the wine-colored merino dress that she wore when she went to Boston with her father and heard Mr. Charles Dickens read the death of Little Nell. Jean Hersholt's translation of Hans Andersen's fairy tales looks as though it has never even heard the words "war" and "economy." Confidently and serenely it presents a new translator and a new illustrator for these immortal tales. This edition, with its lovely water color drawings by Fritz Kredel, will someday be a collector's item.

Guests this year at the Spring Festival can be both from the past and from the present. They will be equally welcome. As the days grow long and the signs of Spring multiply take out the family copy of "The Wind in the Willows"—the little Scribner edition with the drawings by Ernest Shepard is this reviewer's favorite. Read aloud the first chapter, and the chapter called "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn." This book is, to mature minds, living literature, literature that will survive all wars, all revolutions and convulsions. To many of the children listening the words are merely pleasant and revealing. They show them some delightful characters, they open up for them the busy, happy lives of the small things of the woods and fields. To the potential poets and musicians and artists among the children, the words form a pattern as clear, as ordered as the chime of bells in a carillon, as the movement of an artist when he lifts his hand and with one sweeping stroke of his crayon creates a thing or a place or a person. The sound of the words, the book in which they are recorded are not forgotten by some of the children. To the younger ones, it is the *sound* that matters. We must see the poets are invited to the Spring Festival. Take up Walter De La Mare's "Told Again" and read them his unique version of the race between the hare and the hedgehog:

> Early one Sunday morning, when the cowslips or paigles were showing their first honey-sweet buds in the meadows and the golden broom was in bloom, a hedgehog came to his little door to look out at the weather. He stood with arms a-kimbo whistling a tune to himself—a tune no better and no worse than the tunes hedgehogs usually whistle to themselves on fine Sunday mornings. And as he whistled, the notion came into his head. . . .

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
SRL *Children's Editor.*

HERO FROM TURKEY

ONCE THE HODJA. By Alice Geer Kelsey. Illustrated by Frank Dobias. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1943. 170 pp. $2.

TO those of us who share books with the children through storytelling and reading aloud, it is an exciting event when a new "folk" character appears on the horizon. Usually they are new only to us here in America. They are old indeed to their own country. They bring with them, if they are well translated, a physical sense of that country and of the temperament of its people. If the folktales and the artists of each and every country in the world could be adequately presented to the children of the world—there would be a better understanding and a friendlier spirit among the nations. We who presented the Spanish "Padre Porko the Gentlemanly Pig" to the children when Robert Davis translated it in 1939 well remember their delight in this kindly, humorous folk character, who has been a legend to the children of Spain for centuries. The format of the book was perfect, and Fritz Eichenberg's illustrations helped the Padre and his friends find their way to the minds and hearts of American boys and girls. Last year Jack, the hero of the Great Smokies, won their approval.

Now it is the Hodja from Turkey, although he is probably known in more than one country of the Near East, where he has flourished for more than five hundred years. The Hodja is a teacher-priest who lives in a small village. He is friendly, cheerful, and talkative. He often appears gullible and stupid—but he usually manages to outwit his tormentors. We have his counterpart in Uncle Bouqui of Haiti and in the lady wolf, Pekka, of Bohemia. The Hodja is fat and bald-headed. To the village people he is a source of constant amusement and, sometimes, of wisdom. Even Tamerlane, the Mogul ruler, consults him occasionally. The story of Tamerlane's archers and the Hodja is one of the best in the collection. The translation is excellent. It is fresh and cryptic, and it has atmosphere and a sense of background. Often a story begins with a word picture that sets the scene;

> There was a tinkle of tiny bells, the sharp click of small hoofs, the throaty drone of a solitary singer. Nasr-ed-Din Hodja was bringing the donkeys back from the mill, their saddle-bags filled with the freshly ground wheat. The hot Turkish sun beat down on his turbaned head. The

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brown dust from the donkeys' hoofs puffed about him. The staccato trot of his own donkey jiggled him back and forth. But Nasr-ed-Din was too pleased to be uncomfortable.

Frank Dobias has drawn for the cover jacket a picture of the Hidj asitting sidewise on his donkey lost in contemplation. As with "Padre Porko" the illustrations here are a fine key to the stories. Both have the quality of simplicity, kindliness, humor.

Through the war years and the years of adjustment that must follow, it is good to know that the American boys and girls will find the Hodja, that they will laugh with him as the children of Turkey have laughed and in their laughter learn to understand one another the better.

M. G. D.

ANDERSEN RETRANSLATED

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Translated from the Danish by Jean Hersholt and illustrated by Fritz Kredel. New York: The Heritage Press. 1943. 297 *pp.* $3.

JEAN Hersholt has made a new translation of Hans Andersen's stories. To those of use who have known them all our lives, who have read and told them with an ever-growing appreciation of their beauty, humor, and significance this is an important event. Published by the Limited Editions Club in 1942, this translation is now available in a trade edition. It is an attractive book, boxed, with enchanting drawings by Fritz Kredel that look as though he had dipped his brush in water-color and painted each one by hand. The best known of the tales are here, and some not as well known. One of the most delightful of the drawings is for a story called "Soup from a Sausage Peg," which appears in very few editions. It is about a mouse King who challenges all the lady mice to produce soup from a sausage peg—a sausage peg being, apparently, the little stick that we use for sausages when we serve them with cocktails. The lady mouse who first learns to make this soup, says the King, will be his Queen. Four of them attempt it, and we have four narratives, each sharply defined, each touched with the philosophy that makes them as interesting to a mature mind as they are fascinating to children. The lady mouse who wins is clever. She fools the King completely. But their married life was probably a happy one!

Comparing this translation of the famous stories with earlier ones is a thrilling pastime. Hans Andersen is so deeply a part of our heritage that we are sensitive to change. Some things in this translation will shock certain people. Others will please them. The English that Mr. Hersholt uses is free, often colloquial.

"Don't make such tomfools of yourselves," says the Troll King to his sons in the "Elf Mound." And in speaking of these same boys the Elf King says to his daughters; "It's up to you to polish them."

One incident in this story is so changed that it loses its meaning. The Elf King's daughter when asked what she could do to entertain the guests, "Took a white wand in her mouth and it vanished away." The earlier translations say: "She put a white wand between her lips and vanished—that was her accomplishment." If it were only the wand not the girl that vanished, what of the Troll King's comment that follows? "But the Goblin Chief said this was an art he wouldn't like his wife to possess, and he didn't think his sons would either."

In stories like "The Tinder Box" and "The Flying Trunk" this crisp, colloquial language is effective. In "The Nightengale" and "The Little Mermaid" many people will prefer the earlier translations. Those of us who have told the stories many, many times turn back to the four that Marie Shedlock translated in her "The Art of the Storyteller." One can study her "The Swineherd" and "The Princess on a Pea" for years and still not reach the full beauty and subtlety of her wording.

Just the same there is a quality in Jean Hersholt's translation that will make it live. His approach is simple and direct, his wording fresh and vital. Obviously, the tales have lived with him since early childhood in the language in which they were written. They are a part of his proud Danish inheritance. That he is a student and collector of Hans Andersen is well known. In the short biography that is a foreword to this translation, he does not try to analyze the genius of "Hans Christian" or to soften his personal pecularities. He gives us honestly and with obvious admiration and affection the Dane who said of himself;

"I have imagined so much and had so little."

M. G. D.

AN ILLUSTRATED GRIMM

FAIRY TALES FROM THE BROTHERS GRIMM. Now Newly Illustrated by Floyd Hildebrand. Mount Vernon: The Peter Pauper Press. n.d. 1944. 125 *pp.* $2.

A NUMBER of years ago the Peter Pauper Press issued a slim book of Persian fairy tales in a distinctive and very pleasing format. This "Fairy Tales from the Brothers Grimm" is even more attractive. Like "The Happy Prince," it is a book for the

Books for Spring

For the 3 to 6's

BABY ORANG AND JUNIOR by Katharine K. Garbutt. Illustrated in color by Bernard Garbutt. How Baby Orang's arms were a greater help than Junior Elephant's marvelous nose. April. $.85

MUGGINS by Bianca Bradbury. Illustrated in color by Diana Thorne. How a small kitten misbehaved himself into being good ever afterward. April. $.85

For the 6 to 10's

LET'S BUILD by Constance Homer|Crocker. Illustrated in color by the author. ". . . makes carpentry so simple that small children can make doll houses and toys that really work." Publishers' Weekly. March 21. $1.50

For the 8 to 12's

DISAPPEARING ISLAND by Elizabeth Kyle. Illustrated by Marjorie Quennell. Suspense and mystery in a story of two English children and an island off the Scottish coast. $2.00

WHEN ESTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL by Eliza Orne White. Illustrated by Connie Moran. A little girl in the 1860's finds many things to make life exciting. $2.00

SO LONG AGO by E. Boyd Smith. Full color illustrations by the author. A picture-story book of prehistoric animals. March 28. $2.00

For the 12 to 16's

AFTER A FASHION by Marjory Hall. Illustrated by Jean Baker. "The best book I've seen on retailing . . . of a normal girl in a small town setting . . . and of a touch of adventure plausibly handled." Virginia Kirkus. $2.00

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true book-lover. The illustrations, placed as a heading to each story, are by Floyd Hildebrand. They look like woodcuts and are printed in a dull red to harmonize with the binding—a paper binding that reminds one of the lovely papers that could be bought in Florence before the war. Each picture illustrates the story, as well as being a part of the design.

The tales themselves are from the translation by Edgar Taylor in the edition that had a preface by John Ruskin. Not all of those in the early edition are here, but enough to make this a satisfying collection. It is a book for children who are "natural born" book lovers, who are sensitive to beauty of design and format.

M. G. D.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

WHEN ESTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL. By Eliza Orne White. Illustrated by Constance Moran. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 141 *pp.* $2.

ELIZA Orne White's "When Molly Was Six" was published in 1894—fifty years ago. A good many things have happened to our world in those fifty years, so many and such tremendous things that there is comfort in knowing that the little girls of 1944 are going to find this story about Esther just as lively, as entertaining as the little girls of 1894 found Molly. Esther, whom we suspect was Eliza Orne White herself, knew as a child the years of the Civil War. Safe in the New England village, but filled with concern for the fighting men, she said as little girls say now:

> Oh, dear, I hope the war will soon be over!

When her father tells her of the death of Abraham Lincoln. . . . "she began to cry. 'Papa, what will the little slave children do now?', she said." Her father answers; "It is not the slave children I am thinking of, but the South. This will be very hard for the South, for Lincoln was so wise and far-seeing. With him there would have been a just peace." We hope that children today are getting as thoughtful an answer to their questions!

In one of the nicest chapters in Esther's book her father takes her to Boston to hear Mr. Charles Dickens read the trial scene from "Pickwick Papers" and the death of Little Nell. Esther is wearing her new wine-colored merino dress and her grey cape with its white collar;

> Once or twice, when Dickens looked up from what he was reading, his eyes seemed to rest on her, as she was just in front of him and so near, and she thought; 'He is looking at my new cape and thinking how pretty it is. I am glad that I wore it!'

Little girls have not changed very much in fifty years.

All through this story of Esther, through the changing seasons, the good times and the bad times, the picnics and the sleigh rides, the summer twilights and the long winter evenings runs a gentle, generous humor that makes the reading a delight. Eliza Orne White is old and wise now, but she remembers as clearly as ever what little girls think and feel. It is good to have this book of hers for the little girls of today.

M. G. D.

FRONTIER WAYS

YANKEE THUNDER; THE LEGENDARY LIFE OF DAVY CROCKETT. By Irwin Shapiro. Pictures by James Daugherty. New York: Julian Messner. 1944. $2.50.

JAMES Daugherty's drawing for the jacket cover of this book "sets the scene" for the tall tale of an American hero who has long been a favorite with boys and girls. Here is Davy Crockett, sitting on the back of his bear, Death Hug. His rifle, Betsy, lies across his arm, his coon skin cap is on his head, his eyes are looking off into the distance. Behind him Mississippi, his faithful buffalo who sings bass to Davy's tenor, and the two dogs carry the design on into the horizon where the "twister" that Davy rode to the South Seas darkens the sky. There are dozens of boys who would give "their eye teeth" to own the original of this drawing.

It is a fine combination that this book gives us; a hero whose sober, realistic story is a thrilling one and who leads himself marvellously to the legendary literature of North America; an author who has proven his right to tell the tall tales of a continent convincingly and with an irresistible rhythm; an artist whose faith and pride in his country are in every line that he draws. How he must have loved making the pictures for this wild, riproaring, laughter-making tale! It carries the reader along so fast that he cannot stop to ask questions. And yet the questions are there. Is the Cape Cod sea serpent who carries Davy and Ben Hardin from the South Seas to Washington any relation to Daniel Webster's romantic lady sea serpent, Samanthy? Where did Slickerty Sam, the Peddler, come from? He learned his magic from the Salem witches who taught him to change himself from a peddler into a gambler and from a gambler into a river bully. We have not met him before.

—Drawing by Constance Moran, from "When Esther Was a Little Girl."

Davy's code of honor and his objectives are as clear as crystal. He works it all out after his father and his uncle Roarius have whittled him down from his first colossal size to a size that can fight fairly with anyone he meets.

> "I just thought me up a motto," Davy says. "And this is it; be sure you're right, then go ahead."
> "Davy," says his Pa. "Are you sure you're right?"
> "I am," says Davy.
> "Then go ahead!" roared his Pa, whacking Davy a mighty thump on the back.

And go ahead Davy does, from one adventure to another, from the forests of Tennessee to the White House, from the White House to the South Seas. Like Pecos Bill he stops long enough to fall in love. Her name is Sally Ann, she has announced that she will marry any man who can "dance her down," and when Davy saw her "his heart gave a thump and turned over six times." For Sally Ann was the prettiest thing he had ever seen. She had yellow hair smooth as cornsilk and blue eyes like periwinkles. She was tall as a man, frisky as a wild cat, and stronger than either of them. She *wanted* Davy to "dance her down," and he did. So the wedding was arranged.

Boys and girls will give this book a warm welcome. There is something refreshing about it. It does not pretend to be biography. It asks no comparison with Stephen Vincent Benét's classic stories of Daniel Webster. It is the rhythmic, vigorous, humorous telling of a tall tale illustrated by an artist whose imagination and technique are more than equal to any tall tale that America can produce. The book will be published on April first. M. G. D.

AUSTRALIAN "STATION"

SUSAN WHO LIVES IN AUSTRALIA. By Elizabeth MacIntyre. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 34 *pp.* $1.50.

THIS is a rhymed story, printed in large, clear type with pictures on every page that look as though they had been recently painted right out of your own paint box. It

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tells of Susan who lives at a "station" in Australia, who has a pony whom she cares for herself, a tame kangaroo, a jackass "who laughs (he laughs loudly and clearly), pet lambs, and a dog, and she loves them all dearly." Life on a "station" is evidently very active. The story does not stand still for even a minute. With Susan we see the shearing of the sheep and the shoeing of the horses, we stop for our lunch by a billabong and make tea in a billy. Everything that we do is in rhymes. Of the sheep shearing the book says;

The men shear so quickly and kindly, it's not
Unlike helping you out of your coat when it's hot.

The drawing of the sheep before and after the shearing is both funny and reassuring.

Susan goes for a visit to a cousin in Sydney and we are shown the big city with its traffic and its high buildings, the beach nearby where Susan rides on a surf board, the zoo where she saw:

Small kangaroos who travelled with Mummy
In a nice little pouch attached to her tummy.

This is a good book, because it is amusing and entertaining and it paints a realistic picture of Australia and the children who live there.

M. G. D.

A CHINESE FAVORITE

THE GOOD-LUCK HORSE. By Chih-Yi and Plato Chan. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 44 *pp.* $1.50.

THIS is a retelling of a Chinese legend that has been told and retold in China for centuries. The white horse appears over and over again in Chinese paintings and ceramics. Here he is drawn by a twelve-year-old boy, Plato Chan. One glance at the lovely, balanced design, the fine detail, the dramatic storytelling quality of these drawings is enough to tell us that a new and a very gifted artist has appeared. The design all through the book is definitely Chinese. A like background and perspective can be found in any good collection of Chinese art. But Plato Chan's gifted hands make these illustrations throb and glow with life. The horses move, swift and graceful and assured, across the pages. In the line that makes them move is apparent a love for horses, a delight in their independence, their freedom of action. There is humor, too, in the pictures—a humor that will appeal strongly to almost all children. They are reproduced in black and white with an over-lay of blue-green and red. One wishes that the page could have been larger, the paper of better quality.

The story suffers from over simplicity. Told apparently for very little children, it lacks the atmosphere of a folk legend.

With all the stories that there must be in China—stories that have never reached the boys and girls of the Western world—what a rich contribution Plato Chan can make to the picture books of tomorrow. We look forward to his next book with complete faith in its beauty and importance.

M. G. D.

WILDE'S FAIRY TALE

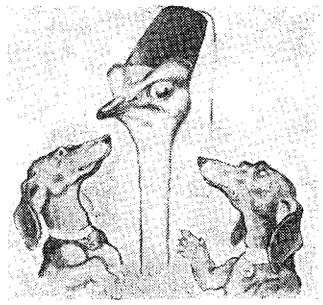
THE HAPPY PRINCE. A FAIRY TALE. By Oscar Wilde. With a Foreword by Hal Trovillion. Illustrated by William J. Goodacre. Herrin, Illinois: Trovillion Private Press. 37 *pp. n.d.*

IN a slender little volume bound in primrose yellow and boxed in dark blue, the Trovillion Private Press issues a new edition of "The Happy Prince." It is a book that in its format and binding breathes of Spring and of happy, precious things. The illustrations, printed in dark blue on hand made paper, place the characters of the story in their right proportion. The Prince stands, high and remote, on his column, the roofs of the houses far below him, his own figure tiny against the sky. But the swallow, his messenger, flies toward him boldly, dominating the foreground, strongly emphasized, as he should be. In the end, when the Prince has given the jewels that were his eyes to the young dramatist and the little match girl, the artist brings him into the foreground with the swallow on his shoulder saying;

You are blind now, so I will stay with you always.

There is a foreword that lovers of beautiful books will read with pleasure and profit and a brief biography.

M. G. D.



The Hyperion Press and G. P. Putnam's Sons are happy to announce the publication of a new group of colored picture books for children, which, they believe, will prove a delight to countless young readers and to their parents as well. Three volumes are now ready. Each book has twenty-four pages of pictures by leading artists, reproduced in full color by a process which enables them to retain all the freshness of the originals. The stories themselves are fully as attractive as the pictures. Here are three fine examples of the printer's art which will rank with the loveliest children's books of our time.

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or How to be a Witch in Ten Easy Lessons
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The Ostrich Who Didn't Stick His Head in the Sand
By EMERY KELEN
Illustrated by the author $1.75

Thumbelina
A Fresh Translation by Paul Leyssac
Original by
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
Illustrated by
Oscar Fabrès $1.75

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The Phoenix Nest

THE agenda this week seems multifold. I hardly know where to begin! John G. Moore of Hollywood, California, says he is trying to get together a talk on the World's Most Overrated Classic— a subject that might really start something! "Even if read, and acted upon as if they were 'truth,'" he says, "certain classics that promulgate erroneous ideas, false behavior, outworn patterns of 'heroism' and 'chivalry' that fitted other ages than our age (supposing our age is one of sanity—*What makes you think so?—Ed.*) do not, I think, make for decent humans." Think it over, my gentle ones!

Charles Henri Ford tells me that his magazine *View: The modern magazine of the arts* has been denied a Second Class Mailing Permit. He says he is not willing to accept the Postmaster's decision on this, as the complete integrity of his magazine's aims is attested by the fact that artists, art museums, university and college libraries, writers, and art collectors form the great bulk of its audience. I myself have seen it on sale at Brentano's, and I never dreamed that it could be unacceptable to the Post Office. I see that Rosamund Frost, Managing Editor of *Art News,* and Henry McBride, art critic of the *New York Sun,* are of the same opinion. *View* says it is determined to insist on its democratic right to a public hearing where it can defend itself openly and call in competent judges.

David F. Swenson of Minneapolis tells me that in a little volume published in 1852, and entitled "Rose of Sharon or Gems of Religious Verse," the following lines are included, which were found in Lord Byron's Bible, and rightly or wrongly attributed to him:

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
O, happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt or read to scorn.

George Seldes of Grist Mill Road, Norwalk, has found a literary curiosity in *The London Tribune.* The writer, on looking into Lémpriere's "Classical Dictionary," the "Who's Who" of the ancients, which he had procured for sixpence, was enthralled by a biography of Laïs, the famous courtesan, daughter of the mistress of Alcibiades. The priceless passage runs as follows:

> Demosthenes visited Corinth for the sake of Laïs, but informed by the courtesan that admittance to her bed was to be bought at the enormous sum of about £200 English money, the orator departed, and observed that he would not buy repentance at so dear a price.

Howard R. Marraro, Assistant Professor of Italian at Columbia, last week in the Sunday *Herald-Tribune* submitted Longfellow's "Monte Cassino (Terra Di Lavoro)" as of especial interest to us today. "In the Spring of 1868, during his second and last visit to Italy, Longfellow spent a night with the Benedictines at Monte Cassino." The two verses of the poem that I like best are:

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

* * * *

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself like a sword, and was not seen.

War has never been crueller than in imposing the necessity upon the Allies of the destruction of this place of peace. Longfellow ends his poem, as it would seem, almost prophetically:

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

"Malachi Whittlestock," of this city, says that a certain ancient manuscript may throw light on the Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt discussions. It turns out to be the famous jingle, included in a collection of Mother Goose which I myself edited, called "There Were Three Jovial Huntsmen." You will recall that they hunted all day, leaving many things behind, and could not agree upon what they found. But, I believe the Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt discussions to have been a great deal more fruitful than that!

William P. Boatwright of Danville, Virginia, writes:

> Referring to Professor James's query in *SRL,* your column, February 19, as to Mark Twain's joshing the "Young Ladies" commence-

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ment essays, his Chapter XXI in "Tom Sawyer" seems to fit the description exactly. This was at the High School commencement in Hannibal, but he may have used in substance in the book a newspaper skit he had written long before about the Young Ladies (with accent on "Young Ladies," of course,) Seminary at Benicia, California. I guess so, anyway.

I wonder if you know a remarkable organization known as G.O.F.P.O.P., or the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. Having just received a communication from the Offices of Chet Shafer, Grand Diapason, Three Rivers, Michigan, I find the following information concerning International Headquarters, Loft No. 1, upon the envelope of his letter. It reads: "Located in the old G.A.R. & W.R.C. Hall . . . one flight up over the Wittenberg Boys' Newsstand and Free Reading Room . . . which is in where Old George Avery used to have his Hay, Feed, Grain, Bean Pods and Middlins Store, and just kitt'rin across the street from where Old Eli Knauss had a pink-nostriled, dapple-gray wooden geldin' out in front of his Harness, Carriage and Bicycle Repository." The motto of the organization is "Pump, for the Wind is Fleeting." We are also informed, on the letter paper, that affiliated industries are, "Imperial Wild Cast-Iron Animal Life Impounding Preserve, Goldfish Proving Grounds, Team Track and Sacred Segar Store Indian Sanctuary." The Loading Docks were discontinued in 1933 and the Continental Headquarters in Paris, France, evacuated in 1940!

Joseph Joel Keith of Los Angeles, California, contributes the following:

THE PEOPLE, YES SIR!

Commander Vanderbilt was the Governor of Rhode Island and made an excellent reputation for himself because of the democracy displayed by him, his lovely wife and even the twins. It's said they spent a great deal of Daddy's campaign days leaning out of the limousine waving to passers-by and endearing themselves to the Rhode Island populace." *The New Republic* quoting from society section of the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

See
a true nobility,
high as a steeple:
man who loves man much
and need not touch
the people!

Years ago, in an old number of the *Yale Literary Magazine,* No. 724, to be exact, there appeared a sonnet entitled "1814: After La Rothiere." It was written by a great admirer of Napoleon. Its final rhyme was a trifle difficult. It may interest readers to know that it was signed "S. V. Benét." It is not, I think, such a bad sonnet for an undergraduate, whose life was to make a definite impress upon American letters. Here it is:

Thick smoke clouds rise into the sullen sky
From where a village smolders. Cattle low
Loudly and long, as Cossacks drive them slow
Along the muddy roads. From nearer by
A woman wails an unavailing cry
To God, and on the dirty, trampled snow
Black forms lie stiffening, while to and fro
The vultures wheel, a ghastly company.

Yea, France, the end is near, the Allies crowd
Around thee, jackals eager for the kill!
Yet thou shalt rise once more, once more recall
Thine ancient glories when triumphant, proud,
Napoleon strikes their ranks, the eagle still,
And Blücher reels back from Montmirail!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MOST SECRET MOST IMMEDIATE *Howard Swiggett* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Adventure packed yarn of pre-Pearl Harbor military intelligence man's exploits in conquered France and other perilous places.	Good spy stuff, especially in latter half. Romantic touches slightly retard action but they're reasonably infrequent.	Good
THE SAINT ON GUARD *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Now working for Washington, Simon Templar solves two violence-packed yarns of sabotage and black-marketing.	Both "novellas" are in customary swift Saint style with hairbreadth 'scapes, beautiful gals, antagonistic cops, etc.	Standard brand
WINDS OF EVIL *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two old murders and a fresh attempt engage attention of Insp. Napoleon Bonaparte, Australian sleuth extraordinary.	Background exceptionally interesting, and "Bony" is as clever as ever—altho' finish is slightly outside mystery canon.	Agreeable

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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GENTLEMAN-WIDOWER, fortyish, scholarly and successful, marooned in eastern jungle for duration, seeks interesting correspondence with congenial and intelligent woman of Wagner's Elsa or Elizabeth type. Box 114-J.

AROMATIC WILD SAGE from the Chaparral. Colorful scent bag to spice your clothes. One dollar postpaid. Armageddon Ranch, Valley Center, Calif.

METROPOLITAN OPERA SUBSCRIBER, would you sell ticket for Good Friday performance of "Parsifal"? Box 173-J.

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WANTED TO BUY: Hardy St. John, Vom Hofe, or equal reel for Thomas 9½ ft., 7 oz., detachable-butt light salmon rod. Also line, waders, and other gear. Must be in good condition and fairly priced. Box 195-J.

TYPEWRITER in good condition wanted. Quote price. Box 201-J.

THIRTYISH DIVORCEE, interested in literature, music, theatre, enjoying quiet, moderately happy existence in the East, seeks congenial, male correspondent. Box 198-J.

ORCHARD FRESH TO YOUR DOOR! Box contains 8 to 14 California Avocados shipped express prepaid. Also makes ideal gift. Send check for $2.60 to Bishop Avocado Orchard, La Habra, California.

WANTED: by old, established book publishers, young woman to assist production head. Must be fully conversant with book manufacturing detail and follow-up. Good typist. Write, stating salary and experience. Box 203-J.

YOUNG MAN desires work as book reviewer with magazine, newspaper, etc. Box 204-J.

I'M A YOUNG LADY, Norwegian-American, of kindly nature, and would enjoy corresponding with refined bachelor under 45. I like to write, sing, paint, travel, dance, cook, bake apple pies, ski, hike, etc., but unfortunately I neither smoke nor drink. Box 205-J.

GENTLEMAN planning Mexican sojourn, desires male companionship. References exchanged. Box 214-J.

(Continued on page 30)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 29*)

S.O.S.: ROOM FOR RENT, or share, furnished. Piano essential. Box 202-J.

WRITERS: CHANCE TO BUY for reference material every copy New York Times since first day World War (1938) to present day. Priced low. P. O. Box 669, Grand Central Annex, New York 17.

"WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME?" a thought-provoking one-page essay which may change your whole outlook on life and people. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope. Box 213-J.

P. B. J. Please listen to me, wherever you are. I saw it all; Quincy was out of the room at the time and didn't come in until 15 minutes after your mother left. You must believe me. Andrew.

FORMER GI, honorably reinstated civilian, still the aesthete, young, healthy, amused, would correspond with those similarly endowed. Box 206-J.

SMALL SOUTHERN COLLEGE—(Protestant, non-denominational), which had phenominal prewar growth, has lost most of its male students to the war but needs properly qualified teachers, especially Commerce and Elementary Math and Chemistry, with sufficient vision to be willing to accept moderate salaries now with the assurance that the inevitable post-war education "boom" will provide proportionately increased remuneration. Box 207-J.

APARTMENT: 6 rooms, completely furnished by owner for personal use, linen, silver, 2 gas fireplaces. 842 Third Avenue, 3rd floor, $45 monthly. Attractive, one family, or three women. Supt. Murphy, 840 Third Avenue, N.Y.C.

WESTERN LADY, thirtyish, convalescing from tuberculosis, would welcome letters from gentleman in similar circumstances. Box 208-J.

LIKE TO HANG AROUND HEARTHS? The Grand Order of Fireplace Fanatics welcomes letters about your own fanatical fireside enthusiasms. Write Homer Hearthstone, Mountain Hearth Ranch, Route 2, Box 837, Alpine, Calif.

THE UNINTELLIGENT, plain-visaged woman, with gutfull glee, thanks the many fun-loving S.R.L. readers who responded so delightfully to her Personal. Since character depends largely upon what the public does not know about one, may I use this medium to express my appreciation? Box 209-J.

WAR-WEARY young lady assures prompt replies to those corresponding and exchanging views over good mystery novels, music, and the world in general. Box 210-J.

ATTRACTIVE, capable college graduate wants secretarial position evenings, weekends. Box 211-J.

GENTLEMAN will share N. Y. apartment, someone requiring space 3-4 nights per week. $35 month. Box 212-J.

BURIED BEL ESPRIT (Secretary) desires transcendence from Hades to Heaven; good fairy boss; $35.00 week; Radio City; Empire State; Waldorf-Astoria. Any room, angels? Box 215-J.

TWO PROFESSIONAL WOMEN have single outside room with private bath, comfortably furnished for another woman. Maid service, linen, materials for breakfast. $65.00 month. Box 216-J.

ICONOCLAST, thirtyish, hopes to break through midwest isolationism and establish kindred contact with sparkling feminine personality. Box 217-J.

EASTERN LADY seeks friendly correspondence with educated, understanding middle-aged middlewestern gentleman. Box 220-J.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY awaits woman as book fiction editor in leading publishing house. Must be able to point with pride to work already accomplished in this field. Her ability to "discover" the successful novel and literary mss will be the gauge of her success. We do not boast of Park Avenue in our city, but our office looks out on a famous Public Garden. All replies confidential. Box 221-J.

WOMAN, thirtyish, enjoys weekending large eastern cities. Describe yours. Box 230-J.

PERSONALS

GENTLEMAN, cultured, dynamic, and successful, sincere, handsome, and affectionate, seeks intelligent, genuinely attractive (fair-complected) woman correspondent. Box 222-J.

WANTED: Table model phonograph, preferably with automatic record changer and radio. S. A. Anderson, 1st Lt., Medical Officers Quarters, Luke Field, Arizona.

GENTLEMAN, urbane, cultured, unattached, will be glad to hear from pre-middle-aged lady New York Stater of agile mind and spirit. Box 224-J.

WOMAN, mature, would enjoy casual correspondence with New York Stater who likes theater, books, music, dancing, laughing. Box 225-J.

CONGENIAL WOMAN ARTIST, mature, seeks correspondence companionship with other sincere woman. Vicinity New York State. Box 226-J.

YOUNG WOMAN, 35, eight years administrative experience in profession. Other assets: meeting public, humor, typing, restaurant background. Seeks position resort hotel as recreation director, hostess, secretary, what have you. Box 227-J.

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ARTIST, nearly thirtyish, likes pioneering, outdoor life, art-crafts, poetry, and music. Please write. Box 231-J.

WILL SOMEONE donate a bedside radio for patient who must spend several years in tubercular sanatorium? Box 232-J.

BE INDEPENDENT of gas and servant problems; for rent only. Green Pasture, exquisitely furnished and perfectly equipped small house; 1 mile from Green, Washington, Conn.; magnificent view, 6 acres, garden, woods; 3 master's bedrooms, two master's bathrooms; maid's room, bath. Oil heat. No small children. Communicate by letter only. Owner. Box 233-J.

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WILL PROGRAM CHAIRMEN of women's literary clubs please correspond with a gentleman and receive interesting idea for 1944-45 season. Box 235-J.

INTELLECTUAL YOUNG MAN, Wolfe admirer, desires correspondance with same. Box 236-J.

KIND YOUNG ARTIST wishes to be endowed by nice old lady. References exchanged. Box 237-J.

FEMALE DIOGENES—considered attractive and talented, desires correspondence. Box 239-J.

AGAIN—the Oct. 30, 1943, SRL is exhausted. Also Aug. 8, 1942. Will pay 15c per copy, plus postage, for any returned to us.

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The Crostics Club

STEVEN T. BYINGTON, Ballard Vale, Mass., is a very present help with his large reference library at and an equally big one in his head from a lifetime of rich experience. If I were to do him justice I should pass on to you his meticulous comments, but the limits of my column preclude such absorption in one theme, and I do not find time even personally to express my gratitude. His latest is an eye-opener. In No. 516 I defined *horn* as "a brass instrument symbolic of power, glory, etc. (Bib.)"; WNI, after 11., *Bib.* A symbol of strength, power, glory or pride." I jumped to the conclusion, with the trumpet in mind, that the *symbol* referred to the instrument. Not so, according to S.T.B. It is "the natural weapon on the bull's head. A bull victorious in fighting is said in Hebrew to carry his horn high. Your definition is as if you should define *palm,* 'inner surface of the hand, symbolic of victory.'" A semicolon should have separated my *instrument* from *symbolic.*

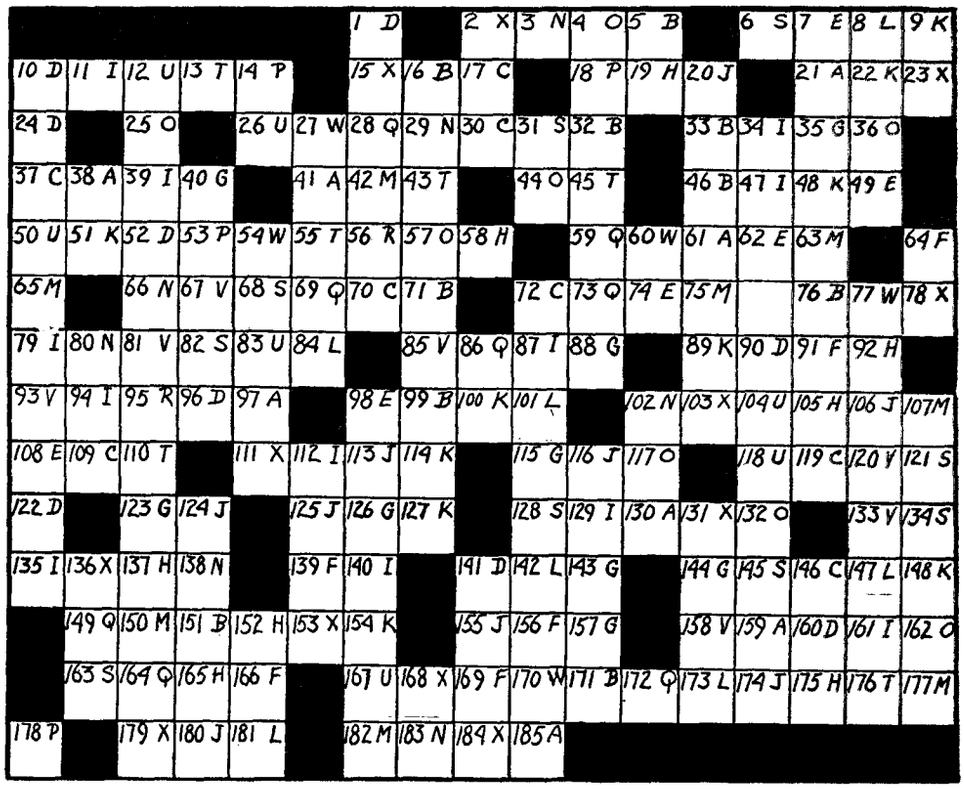
But when Mr. B. tells me disapprovingly that my hobby is in using words whose second half approximately duplicates the first, like *swish-swash* and *teeny-weeny,* his deduction is erroneous. If I use such words more often than erudite puzzlers like, it is because a real, not a theoretic, situation necessitates the using up of certain letters in excess, and this cannot be done within the twenty-six words allowed me in the Acrostic unless I find such words to utilize at a stroke 4 e's, or 2 h's or w's. I am aware, as I have said more than once, that I could improve the DC's; time, however, does not permit me to cavil but to accept for better or worse.

The most touching DC letter I think I have ever received came from Ethel Roosevelt Derby (Mrs. Richard), not only as a revelation that she and her husband are DCers, but of her special pleasure on recognizing as the puzzle unfolded that the second word was Quentin and the Acrostic *T. Roosevelt* (her father): *Letter to Archie.* I selected that quotation because it showed so intimately T.R.'s sympathetic understanding of childhood. In another from the same source, just worked into a future Series, is one displaying Quentin's quaintness.

Do you really think that Bobby Clark, the actor, alternates Shakespeare with DCs at home after his nightly show, or that it is just a *New Yorker* yarn (Feb. 19)?

Now that Carl Czermak, whose Goomie Gimps convey both his perplexities and delights with DCs, has solved one at last, he suggests that, as the *SRL* arrives late these days, the solution for the DC be printed *two* weeks later to give such as he, who must snatch moments as they appear favorable, more time for each!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 520

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The altar which Jacob built on the scene of his vision.

B. Birthplace of Heine.

C. Thereupon (2 wds.)

D. Formed by suction, as the clicks of the Bantu.

E. A sturdy and thickset young beast (Australia).

F. The son of Gideon who escaped the massacre by Abimelech.

G. A genus of large bees parasitic on bumble bees.

H. To extend fully or expansively (2 wds.)

I. Premeditated; previously in mind.

J. American painter (1853-1902).

K. John Buchan's Baronetcy.

L. Blocked; checked.

M. Weird; frightful.

N. Extreme eagerness; greediness.

O. Provided with a rampart.

P. Deadly pale; light gray.

Q. A succession in a series.

R. Innermost satellite of Jupiter.

S. Treated with marked incivility.

T. A physical contest or struggle.

U. Intrudes on others.

V. Tragedy and hero by Shakespeare.

W. To snare; entrap.

X. Province of western Canada.

WORDS

97 41 61 130 185 38 159 21

33 76 171 71 16 46 5 151 99 32

146 30 37 72 109 70 17 119

90 122 52 10 1 96 141 160 24

108 7 74 98 62 49

169 139 91 156 64 166

144 143 123 115 126 157 88 40 35

165 58 175 137 92 19 152 105

47 140 39 129 161 79 94 34 87 135 112 11

155 20 180 174 116 125 106 113 124

114 89 127 100 154 48 51 9 22 148

181 142 101 8 173 147 84

107 177 63 150 42 65 182 75

183 102 80 66 3 29 138

37 25 162 4 44 36 117 132

53 14 18 178

59 86 172 149 69 73 164 28

56 95

68 31 163 121 145 82 6 134 128

45 13 55 110 43 176

50 167 26 12 104 83 118

81 93 85 67 133 158 120

77 27 60 54 170

15 168 184 23 136 111 78 179 103 2 131 153

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HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON *says:*

"Once in a while there appears a book which makes a rival author say, 'I wish I had done this! Why didn't I think of it?' But I did not know enough about the subject and also I don't think I could have presented my loaf of bread in such an attractive form. Jacob's literary bread is nutritious and amusing stuff, like the croissants and brioches of Paris in the days before they served Hitler pumpernickel. Thus the world owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jacob."

(How this book came to be written . . . from the prologue to the story of the human race told in terms of our most important food)

I REMEMBER it as though it was yesterday. I was four or five years old and I sat upon a tall chair in my uncle's office. My uncle was a grain trader, but I did not know what that was. Finally I slid down from the chair because I wanted to touch the yellow, dry, crackling stuff that lay everywhere on the floor. It was not pleasant to hold it in my hand. In fact, it frightened me. Stalks which had looked smooth as silk felt sharp and raw. Their dry brittleness bit into my palm, and their smell was sharp. They had long, soft hairs growing from hard little heads. Wasn't it the same stuff that spilled out of the feed bags of horses when they ate? I was afraid of horses—so I began to cry. My Uncle came back into the room. "Why are you crying, silly? Don't you know what that is?" he said. "When you go home you'll find it on the supper table. Look at it closely. Then you'll see that you like it . . ."

When I arrived home, very tired, there was nothing yellow on the table. The crust of the bread was as brown and glossy as my father's sideburns, and inside the bread was as white as my father's quiet face. It seemed folly to me to imagine that the strange yellow stuff had any connection with my familiar bread on the table. No, it did not even seem folly. I had forgotten the other thing completely; the bread was just there—it could not be any different.

Years later, I recounted this childhood experience to the great botanist, Georg Schweinfurth. He laughed. "You were wiser than your uncle," he said, "and right on every count.

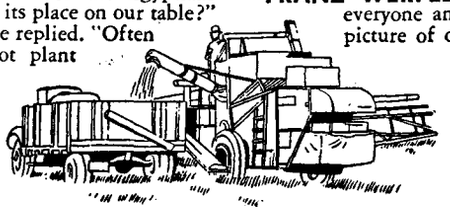
"It is legitimate to fear a stalk of grain. It is indeed a hero with its plume, a miracle of statics with its stone armor of petrified silicic acid. That is why grain crackles when the wind plays among the stalks. The wild Germans and Slavs were terrified by it when they entered the Roman Empire and heard this sound for the first time." He made a gesture that seemed to say, "This is not the half of it." "It was the most natural thing in the world, your not being able to identify the grain and bread. It took man ten thousand years before he learned to make bread out of the grains he had roasted or eaten as a porridge."

"Who invented bread?"

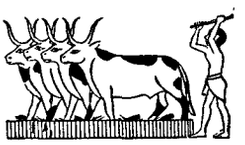
"We do not know. But it was undoubtedly an Egyptian."

"Then since the time of the Egyptians bread has always had its place on our table?"

"Much too rarely," he replied. "Often the farmer could not plant grain because his tools were taken away or he was too oppressed by taxes. It is a piteous tale.



But there are also happier tales about bread. The most wonderful story I know is, perhaps, that this bread, thousands of years old though it is, is not yet finished in the baking. Botanist, farmer, miller, and baker are still experimenting with it. The entire story of bread goes very deep—its social and technical, religious, political and scientific story."



"Why don't you write the story?" I exclaimed. "The history of bread for ten thousand years." His expression became very wise and very old. "Why don't *you* try to write it? All there is to do is to examine everything in human history from chemistry and agriculture to theology, from economic history to politics and law. Take notes for twenty years, and then you may begin writing!" And now, in the midst of the garnering, I begin the tale.

• • •

H. E. Jacob's *Six Thousand Years of Bread* has just been published. It is a monumental book of history and humanity, of how the life of all mankind has been shaped by the use and abuse of the "staff of life" itself.

STEFAN ZWEIG: "A fervently written story about all that Bread has done in the history of the last 6000 years—from the era of stone-age man to that of the Americans today."

FRANZ WERFEL: "Should be read by everyone anxious to get a clear-cut picture of our civilization as far as its factual meanings are concerned. But it should also be read by those who are attracted by the deepest mysteries of life."

Partial Contents:

THE BREAD OF PREHISTORIC MAN

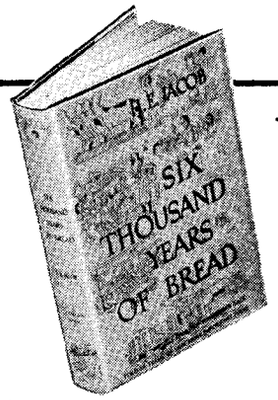
BREAD IN THE ANCIENT WORLD
The Discovery of Baking
Bread in Politics
The Bread God, Jesus Christ

BREAD IN THE MIDDLE AGES
Monks, Demons, Peasants
The Miller Was an Evil Man
The Centuries of Hunger

BREAD IN THE EARLY AMERICAS
Maize—the great Wayfarer
Between Squanto and Oliver Evans

BREAD IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
Can Science Prevent a Revolution?
Bread in Napoleon's Defeat
Lincoln: Bread Was Greater Than Cotton
America's Empire of Wheat

BREAD IN OUR TIME
How Bread Helped Win World War I
How Botanists Changed the Map
Bread, Health, Business, and the Soul of Man
Hitler's "Pacte de Famine"



SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF BREAD

by H. E. Jacob

At your bookseller's **$4.50**

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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